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The Committee of Ways and Means of the World's Columbian Exposition has awarded to Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict (Remington Standard Typewriter) the contract for furnishing all the writing machines to be used on the Exposition grounds during the Fair. A large number will be placed at convenient points throughout all of the buildings, and are intended for the accommodation of the general public, representatives of the press, and the officers of the Exposition.—*Chicago Herald, August* 7, 1892.

THE CHAMPION TYPEWRITER.

Mr. C. H. McGurrin, the famous American shorthand and type writer, gave a demonstration of his abilities at a gathering in Fleet Street, London, last night, when, on a Remington typewriter, he wrote 208 words in a minute, and thus beat all records in the history of typewriting. The sentence used was "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party," which was written over and over again. Mr. McGurrin also wrote, while blindfolded, 117 words in a minute, and at about the same rate transcribed an addressed urging its delivery.—*Hull (Eng.) Eastern Morning News, October* 1, 1892.

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Literature

Mr. Symonds's "Michelangelo" *

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The triple career of this inexplicable genius as sculptor, painter and architect is followed by Mr. Symonds in this noble biography with the fullness of an intimate friend and the faithfulness of a sleuth-hound. Nowhere, probably, is there an instance of a biography more complete or more overshadowing if compared with the work even of masters like Grimm in the same field. The recent partial opening of the Buonarroti family archives at Florence has afforded the author of 'The Renaissance' most welcome and most intimate glimpses of the inner life of Michael-Angelo—glimpses into his soul, his pocket-book, his accounts, his family squabbles, his plans, and his journeys; annotations by the artist himself on his great sculptural and architectural works; *marginalia*, as it were, on the precious edges of his soul itself; glimpses sometimes childlike, sometimes godlike into the secret recesses of a suffering spirit great and solitary in its isolation, dwelling apart from men like the fabled phœnix and speaking a language often unintelligible to them. An Italian Beethoven or Carlyle in ruggedness, keenness of temper, flooding imagination and facile performance, Buonarroti never had an equal or a compeer in his peculiar field; the triune enchantment of his three arts never suffered him to make the mistake which Goethe bewailed that so many great men made—of pouring all their intellectual activities into one channel; the full tide of existence for him lay about the gradually emerging walls of the Vatican, where all his energies of color and form were evoked by art-loving popes to fullest fruition; and he never stopped until he had crowned Florence and Rome, piazza and palace, with majestic works. The ninety years of his life—like the one hundred of Titian—were full of glorious promise and fulfilment to the last, when he lay down and died, a poor old man, the builder of matchless tombs and monuments, himself tombless.

Michael-Angelo founded no school for the best of reasons: to surpass him was impossible, to imitate him was inevitably to degenerate into mannerism. The one love of Michael-Angelo, outside of the Platonic affection for Vittoria Colonna, was the love of the human form in all its phases, graces, realities, virilities or foreshadowings. In this, like Luca Signorelli, he was a true Greek born out of his time; a St. Paul to whom the heavenly vision was granted late, but effectually. His treatment of it is romantic, many-sided, episodic, strenuous, never classic or histrionic. Whether it is David or Madonna, Moses or Pietà, Dawn or Death, Captive or Victory, the same unrivalled knowledge and mastery are revealed, the same individualistic treatment is obvious, the same absence of vague generalization prevalent in Greek classical art strikes the observer. His art is thus a lineal descendant of the Laocoön rather than of those calm gods and tranquil genii, of those serene abstractions and crowned tranquillities in which Hellas delighted and which its workshops poured forth. There is much in the violent art of Pergamum which suggests Michael-Angelo—realism, vivacity, brilliant movement, demoniac strength; but the Italian adds to the Asiatic Greek the inexpressible advantage of having been born a Christian and an Italian, and over all his work broods the poetry of the Man of Sorrows.

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Stedman's "Nature and Elements of Poetry" *

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* The Nature and Elements of Poetry. By E. C. Stedman. $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the sylph and reeled ringing hexameters off his ivory distaff in the vain hope of lassoing the elusive damsel: she could not be caught that way. Yet all the while her enamoured countenance peeped and laughed through the cracks and crevices of those lovely Sapphics, and the humming of Castaly's fount went murmuring down them like the falling of water in a dream. Boileau thought *he* had hunted her down in the stately Alexandrines of Louis Quatorze, amid the mirrored galleries and floral architecture of Versailles; but she lies entombed in ice in the crystal chambers of his soul less 'Art Poétique.' The hewing and carving of definitions went gaily on in Sir Philip Sidney and Shelley, in Emerson and Poe and Milton, in Bacon and Plato and in Theodore Watts: every definer chiseled out a sparkling chip, but no statue, full-grown, breathing, alive, ever emerged from their workshops, while what they hunted for continually dropped from their own lips—not their chisels—like the ambered drops of the fable. In their effort to make the impalpable wind visible they forgot to look at trees and flowers swaying with delicious curves in it, and all the landscape a-dance under its thrilling touch!

Mr. Stedman in his scholarly treatise 'De Arte Poeticâ' feels this difficulty as only a poet and a scientific metrist can; he despairingly quotes an encyclopædia of opinion on the nature and elements of poetry; his pages are sprinkled with delightful quotations in prose and verse from all the celebrated men and women who have essayed to square this unsquarable circle; and yet his parting words (after 300 pages of Pisgah-climbing) are that he has merely touched upon an inexhaustible theme, that 'a breath of true poetry is worth a breeze of comment' (bravo!), and that the poet's verse is more than all the learned scholia upon it. Aristotle, Plato, Horace, Boileau *ès κόραξες*!; if only you can write a beautiful poem yourself: the music welling up in you is like the sweet sap drawn upward in the reed by some wondrous capillary magnetism within: whence it comes, whither it goes you know not, you care not: call it Syrinx, or Pan or Sun-God, or by any Apolline or beautiful name whatsoever—no matter.

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> For Art stopped short in the cultivated court
> Of the Empress Josephine.

In order to help his countrymen to comprehend the genius of Schumann and Wagner, Mr. Hadow has prefaced his essays on those two composers and Berlioz with a paper on musical criticism, in which he points out what are the grounds for the formation of an opinion as to the merits of a composition. This essay is a plain and sensible piece of advice. It does not cover the whole ground and it is not remarkably philosophical, but to all persons who are just beginning to have ideas of their own about music it can be confidently recommended.

The paper on Berlioz will mean more in England than it will in America. Englishmen have been backward in their acceptance of the erratic Frenchman's music. It is altogether too disordered, impulsive and transcendental in aim to be congenial to the calm, conservative English nature. Mr. Hadow's warm praise of it may surprise his countrymen. It will cause Americans to smile. The Britons have their Berlioz period to pass through; we have learned to know the Frenchman and have long ago refused him a seat among the immortals. We prefer Gounod, who makes less noise and better.

The comprehension of Schumann is not yet an accomplished fact in England, but he is growing in favor. Books like Mr. Hadow's will push his cause. As for Wagner, Mr. Hadow's essay on him is interesting, but it appears to us to be superfluous. He has nothing new to say, and he does not freshen the old ideas. We doubt whether his warm advocacy of the genius of Bayreuth will do much to help his cause in England in the face of the execrable performances of his music-dramas which are given there. All the hand-books and lectures in the world could not have done for Wagner in America what the performances of 'Der Ring des Nibelungen' at the Metropolitan Opera House did. Had those performances been bad, Wagner would have been buried.

"Old Ways and New"†

THE ADVENT of a new writer nowadays is as interesting an event as the 'something new' was to the Athenians of Paul's day. Inquisitive Hellas gathered about Areopogus and listened to words strange, audacious, and benign; inquisitive America looks to the magazines as to an aviary where new and delightful singers may break forth any day, or new gospels in strange tongues be preached, or new words fall from unsealed unknown lips, making themselves known to our delectation. Thus the Lake School began to work far up in their English highlands, thus the pre-Raphaelites painted in their silent corner and sang with palette and brush until all the world rang with their song. New Galileans walk our shores every day: sometimes we listen, sometimes we do not. A loudly-heralded new school may after all turn out to be as old as the hills; an unheralded messenger, a sudden voice full of new song, an unexpected apparition in an ignored quarter, a new story-teller with no introduction but his tale may swim into ken and take the honors from the grayer heads.

Thus it is 'Old Ways and New' strikes the sympathetic reader. A book of pleasant tales full of insight and character, from a Tennesseean from whom nobody—of course—expected anything. Miss Murfree was supposed to have exhausted Tennessee; all the intellectual sap of that neighborhood was supposed to have run into 'The Great Smokies' or the famous *Atlantic* sketches, leaving nothing to be gleaned. But the Tennessee summer is made of more than one swallow; the soil is rich there; the bees are numerous; the buckwheat (metaphorically) blooms. Huntsman, husbandman, agriculturist find plenty to do in that vast territory, and historian and romance-writer (as Miss Roseboro very definitely shows) will find no less. Her little book of tales is of singular merit. The fates and fortunes of hapless Southern girls adrift in New York after the war, the ups and downs of the *élite* of Strathboro', a typical Tennesseean town, in their quarrels and reconciliations; the delineation of the languid tropic girl suddenly 'mission-struck' and wanting to 'fulfil' she knows not what; the career of old Miss Marchbanks or the converted clown (so strongly recalling the French sketch of 'Boum-Boum,' by Jules Claretie), the 'system' of an awkward lover trying to get married. All these scenes and suggestions are hit off with eminent life likeness, true humor, and genuine pathos. Miss Roseboro is the Southern Miss Wilkins; she conceives happily and her glance is penetrating. 'A Jest of Fate,' 'Nannie's Career,' 'The Clown and the Missionary' are small masterpieces; 'The Girl and the Problem' is a delicate piece of art. Miss Roseboro is only hampered by the diminutiveness of her canvas. She is obliged to be sketchy because the magazines in their limited space force her to be.

"Modern Europe"*

'MODERN EUROPE' is the fifth volume of a series entitled 'The World and its People,' which series is itself a part of 'The Young Folks' Library,' edited by Mr. Larkin Dunton, Head Master of the Boston Normal School. This particular book is written by Fanny E. Coe, but has evidently passed under the critical eye of the editor, who supplies a preface in which the book is commended. We regret that we cannot endorse this commendation. The plan of the series is praiseworthy, to be sure, and the books, if carefully prepared and edited, according to the prospectus of the publishers, would be excellent 'supplementary reading' for young students in geography. But 'Modern Europe' at least, the only one of the series that the reviewer has examined, is full of errors which suggest that the author has not made careful use of the guide-books wherefrom she appears to have drawn much of her material. She writes here and there as if she had visited Europe, but this is hardly credible in view of the blunders of which she is guilty. In her description of Stratford-on-Avon, for instance, she refers to 'the beautiful little church where the great poet is buried,' the edifice being, as nobody who has seen it could possibly forget, one of the largest parish churches in England. At Kenilworth Castle 'that round tower was built by the early Normans,' the Norman keep being in fact a massive *square* tower, like every one in the venerable ruin. The mistake is repeated on the next page, where 'the ivy on the old Norman round tower' is mentioned. The 'broken circle of stones' at Stonehenge is described as made up of 'rude boulders,' though pictures of it are common enough, showing the rough hewn blocks of sandstone arranged in pairs, supporting massive lintels similarly wrought, which form the grandest feature of the structure. In the account of Holyrood Palace we have a fancy picture of the Queen of Scots 'taking tea' with her ladies and Rizzio, and the 'blood stains' at the foot of the stairs are, so to speak, swallowed by the narrator without question. In the description

* Studies in Modern Music. By W. H. Hadow, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. $2.25. Macmillan & Co

† Old Ways and New. Stories by Viola Roseboro $1.25. The Century Co.

* Modern Europe. By Fanny E. Coe. Silver, Burdett & Co.

of London the history of Hampton Court is transferred bodily to Lambeth Palace, though not without some of the writer's usual inaccuracies. Windsor is 'a small town, chiefly noted for being near Windsor Castle,' which, as everybody who has been there knows, is *in* the town. The Albert memorial chapel in the castle is, moreover, confounded with the mausoleum of the Prince at Frogmore. The spire of Strasburg Cathedral is said to be 'the tallest one in Europe, taller even than the spire of St. Paul's in London,' which is elsewhere described properly as a dome. The Strasburg spire lost its pre eminence thirty or more years ago, when the ugly central steeple of Rouen Cathedral was erected, and it is also overtopped by the Church of St. Nicolas at Hamburg and the Cathedral at Cologne, which is now the highest in the world. A full-page cut of this latter church is given in the book, but its height is not stated. The Lurlei rock on the bank of the Rhine 'rises in midstream,' according to this authority. St. Mark's Cathedral at Venice 'has two domes' instead of five; and 'the five entrances are adorned with elegant mosaics,' though no reference is made to the *acre* of mosaics elsewhere in the building. In the centre of the Coliseum at Rome 'a great black cross' still stands, though it was removed many years ago, and the moonlight 'faintly gleams upon' it as before the Italian occupation. These are only a few out of many similar specimens that might be given of the manner in which the author of this little book endeavors, as she says in the preface, to make school-children see 'Europe as it is' and as they 'ought to see' it; and her success in this attempt is duly certified by the Head Master of the Normal School in Boston, a teacher whose business it is to train teachers.

Poetry and Verse

EDITED BY Mr. C. G. Crump, the 'Poems and Dialogues in Verse' of Walter Savage Landor have recently been published in two handsome volumes. From the title one would naturally infer that the contents of these volumes represented Landor's complete poetical works, but this is not the case; they represent merely a generous selection from the complete poems made by the editor, and one is not a little disturbed and disappointed to find that a large number of the very best of the shorter poems and several of the more extended pieces have been omitted. Mr. Crump is disposed to disparage a kind of poetic trifle which Landor excelled in doing: album-verses and poetic tributes to young ladies he thinks were 'scrawled down by an idle pen,' and to reprint them would 'prolong the injury Landor did to his own fame.' As a consequence of this critical austerity the reader misses a host of old favorites, among them the lyric beginning 'One year ago my path was green.' In the editor's preface there is much sensible criticism, but when he says 'I should not have thought it needful to say so much in dispraise of Landor's poems were there not a disposition among critics to overpraise them at the expense of his prose,' the reader detects something of the spirit which seems to have prevailed in the labor of making this selection. Glad as all lovers of poetry may be, and ought to be, to have this edition of Landor's poems, they cannot feel quite satisfied with it nor with its editor. ($5. Macmillan & Co.)

'THE COMPLETE POEMS of Philip Bourke Marston' have just been published in one volume. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who was one of the poet's most intimate friends during the last ten years of his life, has furnished a sympathetic and excellent biographical sketch of him for this collection, and these of her words will find a responsive echo in the hearts of all who are familiar with the poet's work: 'Philip Bourke Marston was not "the idle singer of an empty day," but a poet who spoke to the deepest hearts of men, and whose words have a claim upon our hallowing memory.' This volume is full of genuine poetry exquisitely wrought: the sonnets in particular, of which there are a great number, are a worthy monument to his fame. It is to Mrs. Moulton now, as once or twice before, that we owe our gratitude for the presentation of Marston's poems to American readers. Beautifully printed and attractively bound, the present volume deserves a cordial welcome from all who appreciate what is best in verse. ($2. Roberts Bros.)——IN A SINGLE VOLUME, and with an introduction by Mr. John Morley, 'The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth' have reappeared. The book is printed in clear type and contains, besides the poems and introduction, several full-page illustrations, a large body of notes and a very good index to the poems. For those who care for more of Wordsworth than is given in Mr. Arnold's excellent edition, this volume seems to be an admirable one. With each poem is given the date of its composition and also the date of its first publication. ($1.50. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.)

TO THE MANY anthologies of poetry, Miss Agnes Repplier has added a new one entitled 'A Book of Famous Verse.' 'In selecting these few poems,' says Miss Repplier, 'I have had no other motive than to give pleasure to the children who may read them; and I have tried to study their tastes, and feelings, and desires.' We think she has been successful. There are lots of good things not here, but there is nothing here that is not good. This pretty volume makes a worthy companion for Mr. Henley's 'Lyra Heroica' published last year, and we are sure it will bring happiness to every boy and girl to whom it may come. ($1.25 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)——A VOLUME of the legends of Alaska told in verse is entitled 'Alaskana,' and the author is Prof. Bushrod W. James, a member of many scientific societies and a Professor of Physiology in the N. Y. Medical College. The book is divided into chapters, each one complete in itself. The verse is in the familiar measure of 'Hiawatha,' and the publishers have the temerity to say that it avoids the tautology for which Longfellow's poem is remarkable! Prof. James is more modest. In recording his notes of a journey through Alaska he has chosen to do so in lines that will scan, and his work is interesting for the pictures it gives of people and places about which we know so little. As a poetic effort it is safe to say that 'Hiawatha' is a greater work. The book is illustrated, and the illustrations, taken direct from photographs, are excellent and add much to the interest of the work. (Porter & Coates.)

A NEW VOLUME of verse from the pen of Mrs. M. B. M. Toland contains a single poem entitled 'Atlina.' Like the author's previous books, this is handsomely printed and bound in covers bearing an artistic design, and the poem is extensively illustrated by such prominent artists as Messrs. Alden Weir, F. S. Church, Frederick Dielman, F. C. Jones, A. F. Jaccaci, J. H. Twachtman, Herbert Denman and others. As a whole, the work has a sumptuous appearance, and we presume it will prove an attraction at holiday times. Of Mrs. Toland's contribution we have only to say that it is in rhyme. The bird who has fine feathers is not always a great singer. ($2.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.)——WHEN A POET bursts forth in such a rapturous couplet as

> 'Tis the scent of a leaf, again,
> That brings me back the days of then,

and goes right on until there is enough of it to make a thin volume, he is fortunate to have a number of appreciative artists who can interpret his songs. 'Gleams and Echoes' is a volume of this description. The gleams and echoes are by 'A. R. G.,' and the illustrations are from drawings by eminent artists, among whom are Messrs. C. Y. Turner, H. Bolton Jones, Frederick Dielman and F. B. Schell. The book is well printed, and is likely to sell during the holidays. ($2. J. B. Lippincott Co.)——'NIGHT ETCHINGS,' also by 'A. R. G.,' is a small volume containing thirty or more brief pieces of verse. These are rather better than the author's 'Gleams and Echoes,' though we cannot detect any sign of a new poet in them. ($1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE HIGH STANDARD of excellence set by Prof. Palgrave in his famous 'Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics' has been well maintained throughout a notable series of books which merits the title of the Golden Treasury. The latest volume in this series is an anthology of English love-lyrics, selected by Mr. William Watson, the poet, and entitled 'Lyric Love.' Those familiar with Mr. Watson's own poems will need no further assurance as to the taste and judgment exhibited in the selections for this collection. All that need be said is that it is entirely worthy of his older companions. It is gratifying to find that Mr. Watson has a correct appreciation of the greater part of that mass of amatory verse called Elizabethan. From it he has chosen wisely and sparingly, and what he says of it in his very readable introduction is altogether the best thing yet said on the subject. We notice under one of the sub-divisions, 'Love with many Lyres,' a poem on page 207 entitled 'Three Kisses of Farewell,' and credited to a writer of whom we have not heard before, named Agnes E. Glase. Mr. Watson has either found out who the pseudonymous 'Saxe Holm' was, or Agnes E. Glase's name appears under something she did not write. The same poem has long been known as one of Saxe Holm's and heretofore has always been considered as an American love-lyric. We are glad to find it in Mr. Watson's charming anthology, but we hope he will set the matter of its authorship straight in time for the second edition. The book has a title-page embellished with a good engraving by Ridgway after one of Stothard's pretty groups of minstrel Cupids. ($1. Macmillan & Co.)

IT WAS to be expected that the celebration of the discovery of America would receive some consideration from our native bards; and it has, the result so far being one Ode, one Epic and one Narrative poem. There were many things in the future of which Christopher did not dream, otherwise perhaps he might have discovered some other new world. Of such are these three volumes of verse, the smallest of which is Mr. Henry B. Carrington's 'Kristopherus.' Mr. Carrington writes U.S.A., LL.D., after his name, and is the author of two or three books other than this—we grieve to say. This volume contains sixteen stanzas, of which the only thing that need be said is that each one ends with 'KRISTOPHERUS.' (25 cts. Boston: N. E. Pub. Co.)——THE OTHER volumes contain more ambitious flights of poesy and more paper. One of these is the epic, 'Columbus,' done by Samuel Jefferson, F.R.A.S., F.C.S., etc., etc., who is also the author of 'The Epic of the Invincible Armada.' Mr. Jefferson writes his epic in such a way that it gives 'an accurate history of the great discovery in rhymed heroic verse,' and if people must get their history in rhymed heroic verse, here is an opportunity, and the price is only $1.25. (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.)——THE NARRATIVE POEM is called 'The Song of America and Columbus; or, The Story of the New World,' and has been written by Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, who has no fractional alphabet attached to his name. In his preface he warns us that this is but the first part of a poetical narrative, the rest of which is reserved for future publication. He tells us that his 'work has the merit of historical accuracy in every particular but the disadvantage of being planned on too large a scale for popular consumption.' He seems to realize the enormity of his poetic strain. Mr. Cornwallis is not a poet, but the editor of *The Daily Investigator*, at which office this volume is published. ($1. New York.)

FROM 'THE CUP OF LIFE, and Other Verses,' by Hannah Parker Kimball, we quote this stanza from a poem entitled 'The Outside Sky':—

> Shall I live in piles of masonry?
> Shall I sit me down in my palace of sense,
> And cognizance take, and mastery,
> Of every wonder brought from hence,
> From hither and yon, by my senses fine,
> And all heaped up in this palace of mine?

This is somewhat obscure in meaning, but in manner it is not unlike the other poems in this collection. ($1. Boston: J. G. Cupples Co.)——'SULAMITH: A Metrical Romance' is by Samuel McClurg Osmond, D.D. It is written in very blank verse, and deals with the story of Solomon's devotion to Sulamith. A long story of the old story, with the poetry left out. (Phila.: J. B. Rogers Printing Co.)

New Books and New Editions

'THE SECOND ESSAY on the Earl of Chatham,' by Macaulay, is the initial number of a new series of 'English Classics for Schools.' No editor's name appears in the book, which contains a concise biographical and critical introduction, and explanatory foot-notes, most of which are sensible and suggestive. Some of them, however, strike us as unnecessary for students of the grade who would naturally take up a work of this class; as, for instance, the information that Thomas Gray was the author of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' The young person who does not know that fact is not likely to know who wrote 'The Beggar's Opera,' or what is the point of Macaulay's allusion to that work; but no information is vouchsafed on this subject. A reference to Grub Street is explained, but one to 'the poetasters of the Fleet' in the next sentence is supposed to need no elucidation. Coligni and Marshal Soult pass without comment, while Richard Cromwell, Horace Walpole, and other well-known historical characters are duly annotated. In this respect the editor's work is unequal and inadequate. The better class of teachers can readily supply the deficiencies, but many teachers who have to teach English in the smaller high schools and academies are often as dependent on notes as their pupils are. (20 cts. American Book Co.)

THE LATEST VOLUME in the new edition of Dickens is appropriately called 'Christmas Books,' and includes 'A Christmas Carol,' 'The Chimes,' 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' 'The Battle of Life' and 'The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain.' It has the original illustrations, the names of the engravers, as well as of the draughtsmen being given; and the text (reprinted from the first editions) has an interesting biographical and bibliographical introduction by Charles Dickens the younger. ($1. Macmillan & Co.)——THE DELIGHTFUL Dent edition of Jane Austen's novels is completed by the publication of 'Northanger Abbey' and 'Persuasion,' the ninth and tenth volumes respectively. 'Persuasion' is regarded by many of Miss Austen's admirers as ranking second only to 'Pride and Prejudice.' 'Northanger Abbey,' begun long before 1803, was prepared for the press in that year, but did not appear till after the author's death (*i.e.*, in 1818), when it came out simultaneously with 'Persuasion.' The original purchaser of the MS., who had paid 10*l.* for it, kept it for years without publishing it, and then sold it back to Miss Austen for the sum he had given for it. 'We have no record of his feelings,' says the editor, 'on being told that the despised manuscript was written by the author of "Pride and Prejudice."' ($1 each. Macmillan & Co.)——'GUY MANNERING; or, The Astrologer' follows 'Waverley,' as the second in the series of twenty-five volumes in which the Dryburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels is reappearing from the press of Adam & Charles Black. The ten illustrations show us Meg Merrilies, Dominie Sampson, Dandie Dinmont and Mannering himself. The edition is very cheap at the price of $1.25 per volume. (Macmillan & Co.)

'GOOD-BYE AND HAIL, Walt Whitman' sums up, between two covers, all that was memorably said and done at the graveside of the 'good gray poet' on March 30 last, at Camden, New Jersey.

> With reverent hand I gather and tie a few stray blossoms here
> In pledge eternal;

and these 'sprigs of lilac'—purple and white—Mr. H. L. Traubel gathers up from the numerous tributes sent by the poet's friends as salutation to his *manes* and prints in gray paper, allusively. These bits of letters and verse and speech all have the golden glamor of love about them, and wreath themselves spontaneously into circles of laurel and immortelles.——THE REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK'S 'Lowell's Mind and Art: A Criticism' is a reprint from *The Unitarian Review* of December, 1891, and is a discriminating eulogy of the poet's humor and poetic gift. Tennyson complained that Lowell did not like his poetry; nobody can make the same complaint of Lowell's poetry, still less of his prose: it has in it all the formula of immortality: blood, iron, salt and savor.

'THE WIT AND WISDOM OF CHARLES LAMB,' with anecdotes of his contemporaries, carefully selected and arranged by Ernest Dressel North for the use of those who take their wit and wisdom in homœopathic doses, is one of the latest volumes of the 'Knickerbocker Nuggets.' There is a valid excuse for preparing such a volume, for many of Lamb's best things are in his letters, and comparatively few read anything of him but Elia. About half of this small book seems to be from the letters which will thus be made known in part, it may be hoped, to numerous readers who have not the leisure to read them all. A portrait engraved after the crayon drawing by Robert Hancock in the National Portrait Gallery, Bethnal Green, London, serves as frontispiece. ($1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)——LONGFELLOW'S 'Hyperion,' in a very pretty cover and with photogravure illustrations of places mentioned in the volume, makes one of the handsomest gift-books of the season. Among the pictures are Heidelberg Castle 'On the Watch-tower, Andermach'; the Lorelei, Goethe's house in Frankfort-on-the-Main, St. Gothard's Pass and Interlacken. All are extremely well printed and the typographical execution of the volume is to match. It is gilt-edged and enclosed in a neat paper-box. ($3 50. Porter & Coates.)——'THE SONG of the Toreador' from 'Carmen,' with illustrations in blue and brown by Frank Gregory, is the latest issue in the series of 'Songs from the Operas.' Words and music are given separately at the end. The binding is of silk and vellum. (Brentano's.)

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY seems to possess an ideal President, who not only keeps others around him busy, but is exceptionally busy himself. He finds time to keep up with all the great literary events and celebrations of the time, visiting, in his official capacity and as distinguished guest, places as far apart as Dublin and Montpelier at their recent anniversaries, the ancient ruined cities of Morocco and Tunis, the altogether new city of Chicago at the late Columbus celebration, and, a year ago, Cornell University, where he delivered an admirable address on 'The Development of the Public Library in America.' Dr. Gilman has been so long associated with university towns, and universities, and university life, that he is one of their clearest exponents; few are as familiar as he with their needs and their library facilities. The address before us was delivered when the noble new Cornell Library was opened, and shows the enlightened commonsense and extensive literary accomplishments of the author. It is full of literary allusion and quotation, which embellish the chronological detail and lighten the purely historical feature of the pamphlet. ——THE SAME excellent address embellishes, along with others, the 'Exercises at the Opening of the Library Building: Cornell University: October, 1891,' a pamphlet published by the Uni-

versity, and filled with fine illustrations of the buildings and its beneficent founders. It contains Mr. Sage's address in presenting the building and its endowment, President White's and Prof. Moses Coit Tyler's addresses, and the addresses of President Adams and the Librarian, all nobly competing for attention on the occasion of the magnificent gift.

ONE PICKS UP 'The Schoolmaster in Literature' rather dubiously, feeling perhaps that in spite of some successful attempts at book-making, the schoolmaster does just as well to stay out of literature. At any rate, one suspects that a treatise on pedagogic prowess in the alien field will possess only a professional interest. But this somewhat elaborate frame of mind is built upon an entire, though not unnatural, misapprehension: the fact being that the book is an extremely interesting collection of portraits of the teacher as he appears to novelist and poet. We have long extracts from Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot; from Shenstone and Cowper; from Roger Ascham and Pestalozzi; Goethe and Rousseau, and a dozen more. Just so much of the complete story is told as connects itself with the school teacher portrayed. In this way we get, strange as it may seem, quite adequate glimpses of teachers, imaginary and real; of Blimber and of Squeers, of Miss Pinkerton, of Ichabod Crane, of Dr. Arnold and Judge Story. In short, the book is a pedagogic anthology, full of flowers of satire, humor, wit, and sympathy. The few mediocre selections are not obtrusive. Dr. Edward Eggleston contributes an excellent introduction. ($1.40. American Book Co.)

MR. W. M. GRISWOLD'S 'Descriptive List of Novels and Tales dealing with Life in Germany,' and the similar 'List' for Italy, will need no commendation to the host of readers and students who have long since learned the value of the various indexes compiled by the industrious and accurate 'Q. P.' They supply a literary want not otherwise met, or certainly not in a form so cheap and convenient. The descriptions of the books are for the most part condensed from the leading reviews. The German list costs a dollar, and the Italian 25 cents; and both are published by the editor in Cambridge, Mass.——'BOOKS CONDEMNED TO BE BURNT' is written by James Anson Farrer, and is one of the volumes in the Book-Lover's Library. Its field is England, although there is an introduction covering the Continent in general. The book is a running comment on the numerous works that have had the honor to be deemed dangerous by the early censors of the press. But it must be confessed that most of these burnt offerings to conventionality possess now only the most tenuous bibliophilic interest; and an account of them, which practically dismisses the personality of their authors, must necessarily fail to hold the reader's attention. The workmanship seems to be careful, the research painstaking, but the element of style is lacking, and the reader is left with the feeling that were this book to undergo the fate of those it celebrates it would catch like tinder. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

Books for the Young

"The Little Doctor"

'THE LITTLE DOCTOR; or, The Magic of Nature,' by Darley Dale, is a curious tale of a Swedish lad whose love for magic led him to sign a contract with an unscrupulous gypsy, whereby the gypsy was to teach him all he knew of the black art for one year, in return for which the boy, who was the son of a reputable physician and known as the Little Doctor, was to teach him, during the second year, all *he* knew of Latin. The contract worked very well the first year, and the gypsy managed to maintain a decent demeanor, which somewhat allayed the boy's fear that he had made a very dangerous bargain. But when the second year arrived, the gypsy kidnapped the boy, carried him off to Russia, and forced him to be his assistant in his magical tricks at country fairs, at the same time that he nearly killed him by hardships. In the end the boy is rescued and brought back to his home, having satisfied himself that magic has no further attractions for him. The style and atmosphere of the story are foreign, and unlike those that ordinarily characterize books published in this country. ($1.25. E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

"Prince Dimple" and "Dorothy Darling"

THE STORIES OF 'Prince Dimple on His Travels' and 'Dorothy Darling' are told by Mrs. George A. Paull, in the sweet and affectionate way that mothers employ in speaking of children. Prince Dimple was a little fellow whose world did not hold many people besides Mary, his nurse; Jack, his doll, and his mother and father; whose keenest pleasure was fishing with a little tin fish tied on the end of his string; and whose greatest grief was being stung by a bee one summer day. He did many things and had many fancies that little readers will sympathize with. ($1.25. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)——'Dorothy Darling' was somewhat older than Prince Dimple, and consequently knew a great deal more about the big world than Dimple did, and could talk it over with mamma. She helped about the housework, rode on a merry-go-round, waded, read stories to her doll, and altogether showed herself to be a very self-reliant little girl. The books are illustrated with pictures taken from photographs of Prince Dimple and Dorothy Darling as they went about their adventures and daily life. ($1.25. James Pott & Co.)

"The Fortunes of Toby Trafford"

'THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD' is one of J. T. Trowbridge's capital boy's stories, written in his free and unaffected style. It is the tale of a village community where the meanesses and jealousies of a boy and the unfair business transactions of his father nearly ruin the prospects of the young hero, his sister and widowed mother. Doubtless, in life there is always an opposing force to manliness, integrity and trust. It may not always be in the crystallized form of some enemy who dogs the hero's footsteps down to the last chapter, when virtue triumphs; but for the story-teller's purpose it usually takes this form. And in 'The Fortunes of Toby Trafford' the hero's evil genius is the friend of his school-days, the son of his father's partner. Mr. Trowbridge always tells a good story, full of natural incident, devoid of sensationalism, animated by the desire to provide an interesting and probable tale for his devoted band of juvenile readers. But is there not some period in a boy's life when that great truth which he learns the moment he becomes a man—namely, that danger does not always come from the machinations of the other fellow, whose head he can punch, but often from the mistakes and errors committed by the one for whose head he has a very tender and sensitive regard—himself, to wit,—can be embodied in a boy's story? Such a character would be none the less a hero. However, we dont want to go back on Toby Trafford; he is very real, very American and of the right stuff, and Mr. Trowbridge has written no more interesting tale than this. The book is well illustrated. ($1.25. Lee & Shepard.)

"The Girls and I" and "Stories for Children"

'THE GIRLS AND I,' by Mrs. Molesworth, is the story of a boy's journal. The boy's name was Jack, and he was the only brother among four girls. When he was eleven his trials and troubles among his sisters got so heavy for him that the only thing he could do to lighten the burden was to commit them to print Not that the girls were particularly mischievous or thoughtless, but as he was a very conscientious lad and somewhat reflective, his cares weighed upon him. From this anyone would know that he was an English lad, and lived in an English nursery, where the children's world is kept as widely separated from the grown-up part of the household as the kitchen-garden is from the conservatory. The little story is very charmingly told in a quaint, imaginative style, and reminds us of some of Mrs. Ewing's imperishable tales. ($1. Macmillan & Co.)——'STORIES FOR CHILDREN,' by Lucretia P. Hale, is a volume prepared to give a series of lessons in morals to young children. It is adapted to the use of pupils in the lower classes at school, as well as for children at home, and contains entertaining little chapters on such subjects as the three kingdoms, stones, vegetables and so forth, on dogs, light, heat, noise, Indians, and many other topics that can be made to embody some lesson in manners or ethics. The stories are very far from having the delightfully entertaining quality of those which appear in juvenile magazines, and do not pretend to adorn a tale, but they are not obtrusively didactic, and contain many useful suggestions to the childish mind. (40 cts. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)

"Little Arthur's History of Rome"

THE FIRST 'POPULAR' histories of any kind were probably written by those ancient 'editors,' Herodotus and Livy, for the delight and instruction of the childlike Greeks and Romans, who preferred the sugar-coated pastilles of these delectable gossips to all the 'scientific' history written for them in later generations by Thucydides, Polybius, Tacitus, or Suetonius. Brought up on this hydromel of antique legend and Greek and Roman fairy-tale, the boys and girls of Athens and Rome acquired a proud consciousness of god-like descent and traced back their pedigrees if not to gods themselves, like the Alcmæonidæ, at least to Etruscan Kings, like Mæcenas. This sort of healthy family pride is never amiss: Anglo-Saxon vikings and robbers went straight to heaven for their ancestors and called Odin and Thor to witness their genealogies. What Herodotus and Livy started in the old golden world of antiquity, with all its bright tales and winsome legends,

the modern world continued in Gildas and Mapes, in Geoffrey of Monmouth and Froissart, in legends of saint, Madonna and chevalier, and now in popular child histories like the 'Petite Histoire de France,' 'The Story of the Nation' series, and Mr. Butterworth's graphic book recounting the graceful story life of Old Rome. The childhood of nations begins with the marvellous and is heavily laden with the gold of myth, like the legendary end of the rainbow. The childhood of the individual should begin in the same way and take in delight and instruction through pictures and pictured words and pictured tales, like these vivid ones of 'Little Arthur's History of Rome.' It is astonishing how poetic and interesting Roman history can be made if the historian will only take the trouble to search and dig, and garnish his narrative with the nuggets of gold found in the Roman poets and romance-writers, in coins and pictures and inscriptions, in Virgil, Horace, and the ruins of Rome. All these sources Mr. Butterworth has thoroughly utilized and produced a history charming in simplicity and sprightliness, informed with a true appreciation of childish 'likes' and 'dislikes,' and abounding in striking paragraphs. The illustrations are numerous: plenty of ballads and scraps of ballads brighten the pages; and when the golden age is traversed and Constantine is reached, no one can complain that the 'brick' Rome of the former dull old histories has not become 'marble' in this new treatment and in these new hands. ($1.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

"Chatterbox"

'*Chatterbox*' FOR 1892 comes with its usual great variety of contents, enough to last the whole year through, of pictures, poems, stories and puzzles. The Emperor Honorius feeding his chickens, an Eastern barber shaving a man's head, Italian pipers, the Diana monkey, Alexander the Great's horse, the eyre bird, the hunting leopard and other curiosities are among the pictures; there are poems about 'Stolen Plums,' 'The Ugly Aunt,' 'Spring' and 'Old King Cole,' and the principal continued story, 'Hildegarde's Holiday,' is constantly dropping into rhyme; and there are short essays on 'Warren Hastings on a Donkey,' 'Sir Walter Scott's Memory,' 'A Snub-nosed Regiment of Guards' and other delightful subjects. The colored frontispiece is a picture of 'Hockey on the Ice.' ($1.25. Estes & Lauriat.)

"Harper's Young People"

Harper's Young People for 1892 rejoices in a pen-and-ink portrait of Christopher Columbus for frontispiece, and a vignette of the landing on the title-page. This being the Columbian year, the first continued story is of young Master Diego Pinzon and the fearful voyage into the unknown ocean, A.D. 1492. This is the Alpha to the Omega of 'Abraham Lincoln's Early Years,' as related by Charles Carleton Coffin. 'The Little Esquimau Lady,' Miss Olaf Krarer, is pictured looking as broad as long in her winter dress of white bear-skin. 'Tommy's Alphabet' is an elementary study in Chinese. There is a charming tableau of a shepherdess and a chimney-sweep, by Lydia Field Emmet. The fate of a little pigeon-pie eater is graphically shown in five stages of transformation into a fine specimen of a powter. There are 'Talks to Boys' by the late P. T. Barnum, who himself was all his life one of them, and was therefore well qualified to advise the others. All this in the first hundred pages, while there are 872 pages in the volume! ($3.50. Harper & Bros.)

"Giovanni and the Other" and "Prince Tip-Top"

'GIOVANNI AND THE OTHER,' Mrs. Burnett's latest juvenile, is a book that contains some charming little stories. The children told about are children of flesh and blood, tears and kisses. Beyond all doubt Mrs. Burnett is a born story-teller, and that she has the artist's temperament and power we see on every page of this handsome volume. And yet the very obviousness of the artist-soul happens to be the one artistic defect of the stories. We see a little too much of art in the making: it is interesting, but art in the result, not art in the process, is after all the satisfying thing in literature. The author, as author, is continuously present, and the antithesis between her comfort and luxury and the poverty of the little peasants is insisted on so much that it becomes a mannerism. But the stories succeed, self-consciousness or not. The characters are creations; children will like them: that is perhaps the all sufficient answer to objections. ($1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.)——FAIRYLAND is already opening its brilliant Christmas vistas down whichever avenue we turn. Now it is the old favorites, 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Swiss Family Robinson,' or the ever-joyous jingle of Mother Goose; now newer things compete for our attention, and Orient and Occident pour their treasures of gold, frankincense and myrrh at our feet. What a delightful thing to be a little king in these days when all the world is his market-man, and such accomplished literary men as Andrew Lang cater to his capricious appetite! 'Prince Tip-Top' is a bright, illustrated fairy-tale by Marguerite Bouvet, giving the story of the Blue-Haired people, Princess Cerulea, and the Rainbow Valley, and full of pleasant and odd happenings for the adventurous. The graceful pictures by Helen M. Armstrong add much to the pretty story. ($1.25. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"The Tiddledywink's Poetry Book"

MR. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS has a genius for entertaining children and making them happy. 'The Tiddledywink's Poetry Book' contains thirty verses by Mr. Bangs, which are accompanied by thirty full-page illustrations by Mr. Charles Howard Johnson, and the many children (little and big) who have been delighted with the 'Tiddledywink Tales' by the same author can here renew their acquaintance with the Mangatoo, the Anniroony Bird, the Cockadoodledon't, the Whimperjim and the Teeheelephant. They may also learn that

> The Tenpin is a foolish thing
> To leave his native town,
> And seek his fortune in this world
> Where he must be bowled down.

In the Tiddledywink 'Mother Goose' is this variation of an old song:—

> Hey Diddle Diddle
> The Pig and the Griddle,
> The Cat sat down on the Range.
> The Little Mouse grinned
> When the Taters were skinned,
> And the Butcher ran off with the change.

Mr. Bangs has a true philosophy: he believes that little folk are entitled to the merriest amusements, and that the surest way to keep them well and sweet-tempered is to give them plenty of chances to laugh. This pretty book has no other function: it could have no better one. To win a place in the hearts of children is one of the happiest and rarest honors that can come to a writer. Mr. Bangs knows all about it. ($1. DeWitt Pub. House.)

"Rhymes and Ballads for Boys and Girls"

ANOTHER CHARMING VOLUME of 'Rhymes and Ballads for Girls and Boys' is by Susan Coolidge, and is abundantly illustrated by Harriet R. Richards, E. H. Garrett and others. Miss Coolidge's audience is composed of older children than Mr. Bangs sings for, as will be seen from this lyric about the flowers:—

> The red rose says, 'Be sweet';
> And the lily bids, 'Be pure';
> The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,
> 'Be patient and endure.'
>
> The violet whispers, 'Give,
> Nor grudge nor count the cost';
> The woodbine, 'Keep on blossoming
> In spite of chill and frost.'
>
> And so each gracious flower
> Has each a several word,
> Which, read together, maketh up
> The message of the Lord.

The book is dressed in a very attractive cover, and is sure to be generously welcomed by girls and boys. ($1.50. Roberts Bros.)

"The Warriors of the Crescent"

MR. W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS is a book-maker who compiles volumes on a great variety of subjects. He is never, perhaps, absolute master of his subject, and a critical scholar would not appraise his work very highly, nor trust to his unsupported statement on any theme; nevertheless, he is a first-rate literary middleman, who stands between the great authorities and the public, especially the youthful public, which is eager for fresh, palatable and interesting reading. This time he turns to the Orient and gives us a book on 'The Warriors of the Crescent.' The work is handsomely stamped on the outside in preparation for the holiday time, but within there is neither preface nor introduction in the front part, nor index at the end. The work is almost entirely innocent of foot-notes or references to authorities. In a word, it is just the sort of book that the small boy or the person ignorant of great books is apt to enjoy. It tells of the Sultan of Ghazni and the Great Moguls. Occasionally we have some reference to contemporaneous events in England, and once in a while a comparison with European history; but as a rule the story is condensed from the translations or writings which Mr. Adams has read. The splendors and pageantries of the Sultans, their wars and devastations, their tyranny and occasional patronage of learning are set before us in lively style, and to Timur the Tartar

is given an unusually long description. When we come to the Moguls, the favorites are Babar, Humayun and Akbar the Great, and three others of the Great Moguls who had names which endanger the Western organs of speech to pronounce, but which mean the Conqueror of the World, the True Star of the Faith, and the Conqueror of the Universe. These 'highfalutin' names were those of tyrants and soldiers who came on the stage and passed off after a great deal of theatrical show, and with the usual quantity of bloodshed and cruelty, tempered by treason and conspiracy. Altogether the book is not as brilliant a success as could be legitimately made by one who was in real sympathy with, or had a clear understanding of, the power and wonder of Oriental life. Still, it may introduce some of the boys to the Eastern world, and help to form their taste for a knowledge of that part of humanity usually left out of the histories which we Occidentals read. ($1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A Topical Shakespeare Calendar.—Shakespeare Calendars, made up of promiscuous quotations from the dramatist, are familiar enough, and some of them have been very good in their way; but the 'Topical Shakespeare Calendar' for 1893, compiled by Mr. Joseph F. Morse, differs from its predecessors in arranging the quotations under sixty-two topics; as, for instance, Action, Ambition, Anger, Body and Mind, Charity, Courage, Criticism, Death, Fashion, Fear, etc. It is handsomely printed on cards, fastened together with ribbon, each card giving the selections for one week. The topic for the first week in January is Resolutions, aptly suggestive of those proverbially associated with the New Year, and destined to become paving-stones in a region where the weather is supposed to be warmer than in the mundane January of our northern latitude. The first two are from 'Macbeth,' iv. 1:—

> The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
> Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
> The very firstlings of my heart shall be
> The firstlings of my hand;

and from 'Hamlet,' iv. 7:—

> That we would do
> We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes
> And hath abatements and delays.

The fifth also is from 'Hamlet, iii. 2:—

> What we do determine oft we break.
> Purpose is but the slave to memory,
> Of violent birth but poor validity.

The reader will see that passages connected in this way are more interesting and more impressive than if taken at random; and that a calendar thus arranged has more than a transient value. During the year, and in after years, it may serve as a compact manual of classified quotations from Shakespeare; and an index card at the end enables one to find readily the quotations under any particular head.

The Calendar was originally prepared for a reading-club in Iowa, but Mr. Morse was induced to have extra copies printed for sale at 75 cts. each. They may be obtained from him at Denmark, Iowa.

'*Springes for Woodcocks.*'—There are several allusions in Shakespeare to the proverbial stupidity of the woodcock, which was popularly supposed to have no brains. Thus in 'Hamlet' (i. 3. 115), Polonius, in reply to Ophelia's reference to the Prince's vows of love, says, 'Ay, springes to catch woodcocks'; and again in the same play (v. 2. 317), Laertes, wounded to the death through his own villainous plotting, when Osric asks, 'How is't, Laertes?' replies, 'Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric.' I have lately met with an illustration of the old saw in the title of a book in a London bookseller's catalogue:—'Laquei Ridiculosi: or Springes for Woodcocks. By H. P., London, printed for John Busby, and are to be sould in St. Dunstan's Churchyarde in Fleet Street, 1613.' The author was Henry Parrot, and the book, which is excessively rare, consists of 440 satirical epigrams, many of which, according to Warton, 'are worthy to be revived in modern collections.' This copy is priced at 18 guineas.

An Elder Brother of Holofernes.—The Hon. Horace Davis of San Francisco sends me the following note:—

> Have you ever noticed the resemblance of Holofernes in 'Love's Labour's Lost' to Rombus in Sidney's 'Lady of May'? Both are schoolmasters, and both are made ridiculous by a pompous diction full of long words and sprinkled with Latin expressions and quotations. Holofernes is familiar to everybody, but as the 'Lady of May' is not very common, let me give a few sentences:—
>
> 'I am, *potentissima domina*, a School-master, that is to-say, a Pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the juvenile fry, wherein (to my laud, I say it) I use such geometrical proportion, as neither wanted mansuetude nor correction; for so it is described,
>
> *Parcere subjectos et debellire superbos.*
>
> Yet hath not the pulchritude of my virtues protected me from the contaminating hands of these Plebeians: for coming, *solum me'o*, to have parted their sanguinolent fray, they yielded me no more reverence than if I had been some *pecorius asinus*,' and so on.—
>
> One sentence more:—'O *tace, tace!* or all the fat will be ignified, first' let me dilucidate the very intrinsical marrow-bone of the matter. There is plenty more of the same sort, but this is enough.
>
> Now, for the dates. 'Love's Labour's Lost' was first printed in 1598, and must have been written much earlier, being probably one of Shakespeare's earliest productions. The 'Lady of May' is a boyish effusion written in 1578, when Sidney was twenty-four years old, but I do not know when it was first printed. He died in 1586. His 'Arcadia' was published in 1590, 'Astrophel and Stella' in 1591, the 'Defense of Poesy' in 1595, and all these together with the 'Lady of May' were included in the third edition of the 'Arcadia' in 1598; whether the 'Lady of May' had been printed before that date I cannot say, but it is well known that Sidney's different productions were copied and read widely in manuscript before their publication, and it is possible their popularity may have carried the 'Lady of May' with them, so that Shakespeare might have received a suggestion from it, though it had not seen print. Rombus certainly seems to be the prototype of Holofernes, unless the pompous schoolmaster is a stock character like the braggart soldier, or like the murderers of the King's English from Costard and Dogberry to Mrs. Malaprop.
>
> The possibility of Shakespeare's indebtedness to Sidney in this matter has already been pointed out in these columns by Mrs. M. R. Silsby, the accomplished compiler of the 'Tributes to Shakespeare,' published a year ago by the Harpers. Her note was printed in *The Critic* for March 7th, 1891, though her name was not then given; and the first of the two passages cited by Mr. Davis was quoted by her.
>
> The reader will note the intentionally bad Latin of Sidney's pedagogue—too bad to be in keeping with the character. Holofernes does not make blunders that would disgrace the worst dunce under his instruction; and in one instance (v. 1. 30) he criticises the Latinity of Sir Nathaniel, if we adopt the reading of Theobald, which seems to me the best that has been suggested as an emendation of the corrupt text of the folio:—
>
> *Nathaniel.* Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.
> *Holofernes.* Bone! bone for bene! Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.
>
> The curate uses *bone* in the vocative (like *bone vir* in Terence), but his brother pedant takes it to be a mistake for the adverb *bene*. The folio reads:—
>
> *Cura.* *Laus Deo, bene intelligo.*
> *Peda.* *Bome boon for bon prescian*, a little scratcht, 'twil serue.
>
> Most of the modern editors read '*bone intelligo*,' making Nathaniel guilty of the blunder of which Holofernes suspects him; but it is hardly conceivable that he should slip on a form familiar to every schoolboy, and one that he has himself used correctly in iv. 2. 33: 'But *omne bene*, say I.'
>
> [Since the above was put in type I have received another note from Mr. Davis, informing me that the whole scene from the 'Lady of May' is quoted by Halliwell-Phillipps in the notes on 'Love's Labour's Lost' in his great folio edition. Mr. Davis adds:—'I lighted on it to-day in the Mercantile Library—the only copy on this Pacific coast—the first mention I have seen of Rombus, though I looked through a dozen different editions.]

Zola's Prices

EMILE ZOLA, candidate for the French Academy, among the foremost of the novelists of his country and time, and the object of popular acclamations at Lourdes during his recent visit to that national religious shrine to gather material for his forthcoming work, has won his success slowly and laboriously. 'La Débâcle,' which has passed its 120th thousand in Paris, and been translated into every language of modern Europe, is the nineteenth of a series of novels representing over twenty years' labor by their author. The prices obtained by him for the majority of these works, however, have been comparatively small; and even with the era of prosperity which dawned for him with the success of 'L'Assommoir,' in 1876, Zola is by no means a rich man to-day. The financial record of the eminent realist has been looked up and detailed in *Figaro* by M. G. Davenay, who gives some interesting and instructive statistics.

'La Fortune des Rougon,' the initial story of the series, appeared in the *Siècle* in 1870. Two years later 'La Curée' was stopped in the middle of its publication in the *Cloche Hebdomadaire*, but was soon taken up and completed in the obscure periodical

which also published 'Le Ventre de Paris,' but the name of which everybody, even M. Zola himself, appears to have forgotten. The *Siècle* took 'La Conquête de Plassans' and 'Son Excellence Eugène Rougon'; but the 'Faute de l'Abbé Mouret,' rejected by the Paris journals, was sold in Russia to the *Messager de l'Europe* for 1500 francs. For the other works mentioned, the uniform price paid was 25 centimes (five cents) per printed line—turn-overs, or fragmentary ends of lines, not counting. In other words, the author received 3750 francs each for five novels averaging 15,000 lines to the volume, or about 18,750 francs altogether.

'L'Assommoir,' begun in the *Bien Public*, was paid no better. It fell foul of the censorship and was stopped; but, under the protection of M. Roujon (at present Minister of Fine Arts) and Catulle Mendès, it was continued in the *République des Lettres*. The same price still secured 'Une Page d'Amour' for the *Bien Public*, whose readers were not so severely shocked this time.

Meanwhile the success of 'L'Assommoir' had assumed substantial proportions, and Zola's stock went up suddenly. He sold 'Nana' to the *Voltaire* for 20,000 francs, and 'Pot-Bouille' to the *Gaulois*, conducted by Jules Simon, for 30,000. For several years following, 20,000 francs remained the official price; that figure being paid by *Gil Blas* for 'Au Bonheur des Dames,' 'La Joie de Vivre,' 'Germinal,' 'L'Œuvre' and 'La Terre.' In 1888 the *Revue Illustrée* secured 'Le Rêve' for 25,000 francs. *La Vie Populaire* paid the same for 'La Bête Humaine'; and then, having let *Gil Blas* capture 'L'Argent' with an offer of 30,000, made sure of 'La Débâcle' by laying down the latter sum in advance. Finally, Plon's *Revue Hebdomadaire* has just paid for Zola's latest novel, 'Le Docteur Pascal,' 35,000 francs—the high water mark up to the present time.

So much for the *feuilleton*, or serial, publication of Zola's novels. It will be seen that, counting an average of 18,000 lines to each work, the rate of payment has oscillated between one and two francs per line; and the author has received an approximate total of 300,000 francs for the first publication of his nineteen stories.

Let us now glance at the sales in book form. The story of Zola's business relations with his publisher, Charpentier, has been told before, but it is pleasant enough to bear recalling. During the early and unprofitable period of Zola's career, the great bookseller entered into an agreement proposed by the novelist himself—after 'La Curée'—namely, that the latter should deliver and make over to him two new manuscripts annually for ten years, in consideration of the payment of 500 francs per month during that time. It was under these conditions that 'Le Ventre de Paris,' 'La Conquête de Plassans' and 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret' appeared. The last named book, however, having proved a successful 'seller,' M. Charpentier figured up the sum total that he had paid Zola, compared it with that which the *droits d'auteur* would have amounted to at the regular tariff, handed over the difference to the novelist, and then tore up their contract. A new one was arranged, on a basis of 40 centimes (eight cents) for each volume sold, which was increased to 60 centimes after 'L'Assommoir.'

The sales of Zola's novels in book form are stated in the following figures:—'La Fortune des Rougon,' 24,000; 'La Curée,' 36,000; 'Le Ventre de Paris,' 33,000; 'La Conquête de Plassans,' 25,000; 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret,' 44,000; 'Son Excellence Eugène Rougon,' 26,000; 'L'Assommoir,' 124,000; 'Une Page d'Amour,' 75,000; 'Nana,' 160,000; 'Pot-Bouille,' 82,000; 'Au Bonheur des Dames,' 59,000; 'La Joie de Vivre,' 44,000; 'Germinal,' 88,000; 'L'Œuvre,' 55,000; 'La Terre,' 100,000; 'Le Rêve,' 83,000; 'La Bête Humaine,' 83,000; 'L'Argent,' 77,000; 'La Débâcle,' 120,000. This makes, altogether, 1,338,000 copies. At 60 centimes each (bearing in mind the very small number of volumes paid at the 40 centime rate), the author's total receipts would be, in round sum, 800,000 francs.

For reprints of his works in French, and for rights of translation into other languages, Zola has received about 200,000 francs. The dramatized version of 'L'Assommoir'—the only one of his stories which, thus far, has been successful on the stage—brought him something over 300,000 francs more. Add to this the casual product of his magazine and newspaper work, and theatrical criticisms, and we have something like 2,000,000 francs, or $400,000, as the total earnings of twenty years' literary toil.

Who will say, after passing Emile Zola's life and labors in review, that his comparatively modest fortune has been easily gained?

HENRY TYRRELL.

MR. J. C. NIMMO is bringing out in London 365 numbered copies of the poems of Violet Fane, in two volumes; also a handsome new edition of 'The Noble Science: A Few General Ideas on Fox-hunting,' by F. P. Delmé Radcliffe, edited by Wm. C. A. Blew.

The Lounger

THE *Herald's* GENTLE BREAST is agitated by the question, 'Shall America have a Poet-Laureate?' Portraits of Dr. Holmes, Bret Harte, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Riley, Mr. Stedman and Mr. Winter embellish the four columns in last Sunday's paper devoted to a discussion of the subject. The two contributors who have the most to say are Mrs. Frank Leslie and Mr. Wirt Arland. If life were longer—a good deal longer—I might spare the time to read their letters. As it is, I prefer to read the very brief one signed 'Thomas Nelson Page.' The creator of 'Marse Chan' and 'Meh Lady' says:—'I don't think we want any Poet-Laureate. We are too much given to blowing, anyhow.' Dr. Albert Shaw writes:—'I see no reason for instituting an official poet, but manifestly Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes should have the honor if it were conferred upon any one.' And this is what John Habberton says:—'If America is to have a Laureate he should be a man who is full of true American spirit and destitute of buncombe. Some unconscious pupil of James Russell Lowell would fill the bill—I wish he would appear in print.' Charles Warren Stoddard doesn't 'see that anything is gained by the laureation of a poet'; and Marion Crawford stigmatizes the idea as unpleasantly imitative of monarchic institutions.

THE VALUE of these two dozen communications seems to be in inverse ratio to their length; and they range all the way from Mr. Page's two lines to Mrs. Leslie's half-column or more. Two things are made clear by this plébiscite: one, that Dr. Holmes would be the American Laureate, if the people should elect one; the other, that the less one has to say the longer it takes to say it.

PEARS' SOAP is supposed to be a pretty well advertised commodity; but its notoriety is really microscopical in comparison with what it would be if the present advertising agents engaged in booming it were to be supplanted by Ouida. The popular novelist never fails to attract attention just when she needs it. When she is writing a book, she is latescent enough; but when she has finished it, and the dear public is to be asked to buy it, she breaks loose in a new direction, and all eyes—all the eyes that it will serve her purpose to attract, at least—are instantly fixed upon her. This time she has leaped into notice by maligning the dead.

THERE IS A WELL-KNOWN firm of Continental publishers to whom, in a letter to the *Times*, Ouida alludes as her 'old friends the Tauchnitz,' and the appearance of a recent story of hers over the imprint of the Continental publishers of Heinemann and Balestier's English Library seems to have stung Baron Tauchnitz to the point of accusing her of disloyalty. So Ouida rushes instantly into print, winding up her diatribe in 'the Thunderer' with these words:—'If the general rule of *de mortuis*, etc., prevents the full expression of my views concerning the deceased person whom Mr. Henry James has seen fit to mourn as a Marcellus, I must, in justice to myself and to the little Florentine tale of an old tower, say herein that in the arrangements for its production I was completely overreached by a singularly sharp Yankee.' The only reply that this attack demanded was furnished by Mr. Heinemann in the *Times*, the day after Ouida's letter appeared. In it he quoted from the contract which Mr. Balestier had induced Ouida to sign. From this it appeared that what she had parted with was

> all rights whatever of any nature in said book; including not only all rights and advantages derived from the exclusive right to the publication of the said story in all forms in Great Britain and her colonies, for the full term of copyright and the term of renewal, but *all rights of publication in serial form and in all other forms whatever in all languages and all countries*, save only that the said author reserves to herself the right of translating the said story into French, German, Dutch and Italian.

The italics are mine; but the phraseology is Ouida's, the contract being written in her own fair hand. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—especially when the dead leaves a partner in the land of the living.

WHEN JAY GOULD was a boy—long before he went in search of the golden fleece—his name was Jason. He was a schoolmate, in those early days, of John Burroughs, with whom he often 'wrastled.' He was afterwards a postmaster and a partner in a banking-house. Mr. Burroughs is a postmaster and a bank-examiner. The parallel extends still farther; for Mr. Gould was a writer of books—of one book, at least—a History of his native Delaware County, in this State. He had a valuable library at Lyndhurst, his country-seat on the Hudson—a much more valuable library than is to be found at Mr. Burroughs's Hudson River home—and a well-selected store of books on his steam-yacht Atalanta. Yet Mr. Gould never posed as a literary man;

in fact, he never posed at all, which seems to be the one good thing that can be said about him. No; there is one other: he loved flowers—though I doubt that they loved him. If he is remembered in the literary history of America, it will be for a parody on certain lines in 'The Bells' of Poe, apropos of the financier's alleged control of a leading metropolitan journal:—

And the people in the steeple they are Gould's.

'WILL YOU KINDLY ALLOW a poor wandering word the chance of recovering its constitution and identity in the sunlight of your columns,' writes 'Argus' from Baltimore. 'It slipped out of my inkpot the other day (as you will see by the slip enclosed) in the garb of "Shandaradan," but was not allowed to emerge from the printing-office until it had been transmogrified into "Shanderydan." This, it seems, was done by decree of "The Century Dictionary," whose authority for "Shandrydan" is *The Cornhill Magazine*. Now, *The Cornhill* is good in its way and for its years—am I right in dating its birth among the sixties? But I know I have "Shandaradan" in my Swift somewhere, though it eludes my first search, and before me as I write is an anti-monarchical parody of Moore's "Loves of the Angels," published in 1824, copied from the earlier issue, which is said to have been printed for private circulation at the Lee Priory printing-press. In the extracts from this are these lines:—

Well I remember, by her side
When in Hyde Park we graced the ride,
In the old royal shandaradan, *etc.*

The good old nickname is picturesque enough to be worth our ferreting out its pedigree. It seems to be of Irish birth, and onomatopoetic, after the slithery rattling of a ramshackle coach over the petrified-kidney paving-stones of last century.

WHEN I FIND a striking bit of verse I like to print it, so that my readers may share my pleasure in it. The following is given in Mr. Sladen's 'The Japs at Home' as a specimen of Japanese English. It was written in praise of women, and is called 'Her Glee':—

The purest flame, the hottest heat
  Is Woman's Power over earth,
Which mighty black and pale down beat,
  And made the Eden, place of birth.

Of what? Of what? Can thou tell me?
  A birth of Noble, High value—
The station He designed for thee—
  Of woman, Mother, Social Glue.

Let her be moved from earth to try
  What dark mist overwhelms human Race!
Let Lady claim with all the cry:
  'Can you still hold and hold your peace?'

How sweet, how mirthful, gay is Name!
  What boon, thing, may exceed in kind?
Would she be praised, entolled—not Shame:
  Tie Pale, of Both, to bound, to bind.

'WOMAN AS SOCIAL GLUE' is something wholly new. I see just what the poet means by the phrase, yet I confess that I am puzzled by

Tie Pale, of Both, to bound, to bind.

I have no doubt, however, that it has a deep and subtle meaning; it certainly has a deep and subtle sound, and 'the sound must seem an echo to the sense.'

IT IS RATHER discouraging to know that if one should read more hours a day than the average American is able to spend away from business, he would be able to read only a few of the works that are really worth reading. Mr. Gladstone, however, is not to be discouraged by this knowledge. He goes upon the principle that the only way to get any reading done is to read. In a volume of Conversations, recently translated, Dr. Döllinger said:—

I think it was in the year 1871 that I remember his [Gladstone's] paying me a visit at six o'clock in the evening. We began talking on political and theological subjects, and became both of us so engrossed with the conversation that it was two o'clock at night when I left the room to fetch a book from my library bearing on the matter in hand. I returned with it in a few minutes, and found Gladstone deep in a volume he had drawn out of his pocket—true to his principle of never losing time—during my momentary absence. And this at the small hours of the morning!

LUISE VON KOBELL, who played Boswell to Dr. Döllinger, describes him as the most abstemious of men. He never smoked, and he barely touched his lips to a glass of wine when a toast was proposed; but he 'set the best Bordeaux before his guests, and many a bottle of Veuve Cliquot. Liqueurs were banished. He regarded spirits as the bane of mankind.' The most amiable of men in his domestic life, Dr. Döllinger could not refrain from exclamations of annoyance when his papers were disarranged in dusting. His servants, however, knew his wishes, and respected them; and no wonder, for the cook had lived fifty years in his service, the house-keeper thirty-eight and the man-servant thirty-five. Think of this, ye American housewives! I heard a man say recently that he had come back to town from the country just five weeks since, and that during that period his wife had had six cooks.

Boston Letter

I ALWAYS THINK it is interesting to know just what books the publishers consider their especial holiday attractions. The publishers feel the pulse of the reading public with greater carefulness than any other people and they know what books will be desired above all others in these days of generous gift-giving. So I climbed up the stairs on Saturday to the little back room in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s office, and there by the window, which overlooks a rather mournful prospect, the ancient Granary Burying Ground by Park Street Church, listened to a very genial description of the pleasures in store for the many readers of that firm's works. It was a most pleasant half-hour, too, for every one knows the excellent quality of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s holiday works. There was Hawthorne's 'Wonder Book,' with its artistic illustrations by Walter Crane, a book from which the boys and girls could gather ideas on art as well as on literature, a happy combination it seemed to me in these days of cultivation. None but a large firm could undertake such costly reproductions in such number as the Park Street firm puts forth. Another of Holmes's poems is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. as a companion book to the 'One Hoss Shay' of last Christmas. Again Howard Pyle is called upon to illustrate Dr. Holmes's work, and I think every one will agree that that artist catches the quaint spirit of these poems admirably. I was tempted to say 'better than any other artist,' but that would arouse invidious comparison. The ballad of the Boston 'Tea-Party' is given in the same volume, and the preface points out the historical interest in the work. That is well when one recalls how much escapes the memory even among our well instructed people of Boston. It was not so long ago that a party of English gentlemen, desirous of seeing the historic spots of Boston, were driven by certain leaders of our local government to T wharf, and told that that was the place where the famous tea-party occurred. The Bostonians really thought they were narrating history, for they had no idea why the wharf should be given that name, if not for that reason. One of the Indians in that tea-party, by the way, was Major Thomas Melville, the worthy old gentleman (father of Herman Melville) who formed the model in 'The Last Leaf.' It is within the memory of the veterans of Boston when Major Melville stumped about the streets of the city, with his ancient three-cornered hat upon his head, and the quaint knee-breeches of old tightly drawn above his buckled shoes.

Whittier's last poems, gathered under the title 'At Sundown,' of which I wrote some time ago, form another of the special holiday books of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., while a fourth is Charles Dudley Warner's 'In the Levant,' a book crowded with photogravures. All the pictures in this new edition, I am told, were submitted to Mr. Warner for inspection. It is interesting to note a certain point which may escape some readers. The book is dedicated to W. D. Howells. Mr. Howells, in his preface to the holiday edition of his 'Venetian Life,' issued by the same firm last Christmas, said that he would not change the text, although his opinion and Venetian life itself had changed in some particulars since the day he wrote the work. So now, in this revised 'In the Levant,' originally written seventeen years ago, Mr. Warner says in the preface 'there is much that I might add to this record, but I see nothing that it is worth while to change.' How many works can live so long without needing more revision?

Little, Brown & Co., as we all know, delight in issuing choice books for the holidays. They are making a special proffer to the public of Charles Lamb's 'Essays of Elia,' as reprinted from the original editions of sixty and seventy years ago. Mr. George E. Woodberry, whom so many call the Matthew Arnold of America, is writing the introduction. Of course there is a limited *édition de luxe* of the work, for nowadays there must be such an accompaniment to the everyday edition for the delight of the collector and the envy of the reader with limited purse. The present month sees two volumes in the new library edition of Bulwer, with Garrett's illustrations, put forth by Little, Brown & Co., these two being 'My Novel' and 'What Will He Do With It?' 'The Caxtons' has already been published, and others are to follow in due order. Among the other books which Little, Brown & Co.

call their holiday works are Parkman's 'Oregon Trail,' in the new edition with Frederic Remington's pictures, and the collection of 'The World's Best Hymns,' with Prof. Churchill's introduction. I ought not to forget, however, that this house has a pleasant habit of offering a book by Nora Perry for the Christmas readers, and Christmas readers are always ready to welcome it. This time it is 'A Rosebud Garden of Girls' which the house calls its holiday attraction.

Turning the corner of Somerset Street, by the Congregational building, and entering the pleasant parlors of Roberts Bros., I made inquiry for *The Critic* about the Christmas books. The poems of Helen Jackson, they informed me, was their leading work for the holidays. Those who may see the picture of Mrs. Jackson, which fronts the title-page, will be interested to know that it was taken about the time she was married to Mr. Jackson. The illustrations in the work were made by Emile Bayard, the French artist, who died a year or so ago. I am told, by the way, that more than 100,000 copies of 'H. H.'s 'Ramona' have been sold. George Meredith's poem of 'The Empty Purse' is also to be published by Roberts Bros. for the holidays, in the same volume with his odes to 'The Comic Spirit' and to 'Youth,' as well as other verses. The Macmillans, I believe, have put forth 'The Empty Purse' in an especial edition, but this volume of Roberts Bros. is the first volume of the collected poems offered on this side of the water.

One week from next Saturday will be the 85th anniversary of the birth of Whittier, and arrangements have been made to commemorate the day at his late home, the town of Amesbury. An address will be delivered by the Hon. J. W. Patterson of Concord, N. H., and a poem by some prominent author will be read. The schools of Amesbury and the Whittier Club of the town will assist. It was hoped that John W. Hutchinson and his sister, Mrs. Patton, always friends of Whittier's, would sing, but the recent death of Mrs. Patton will prevent that part of the program from being carried out.

Mr. Francis Parkman, I am sorry to say, is very sick at his home in Jamaica Plain. He has been feeble for some little time, and although his friends now hope for the best, his condition the past week has been serious. Everyone knows that Mr. Parkman's works have been published in numerous languages, but few probably know that a French writer, the Abbé H. R. Casgrain, wrote and published in Quebec, twenty years ago, a little book in the French language about the distinguished American historian.

BOSTON, Dec. 6, 1892. CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

"Americans Abroad"

'AMERICANS ABROAD,' the new three-act comedy by Victorien Sardou, which was produced at the Lyceum Theatre last Monday evening is a remarkably clever sample of work done to order, but will not bear comparison with any of the more famous plays which have made the reputation of the author. It was scarcely worth while, perhaps, to ask Sardou to write upon an American subject, for he is notoriously indifferent to all countries but his own, and probably judges of Americans solely from what he sees of them in Paris and from what he has read about them in the newspapers. At all events, he would be puzzled to find any Americans, especially rich Americans, who would behave as he makes them, but as his chief, if not his only, object was to be amusing, it is not necessary to insist too much upon this point.

His play is founded upon the old, old idea of poverty simulated in order to test the truth of pretended devotion. Florence Winthrop is a young American girl who has succeeded to an enormous fortune, after having had to work for her own living, and she soon learns to regret the honesty of the friendships which she then enjoyed. She has armies of suitors and flatterers, but distrusts them all, having no faith in anyone except a young artist, who ceased to call upon her as soon as he discovered that she was the possessor of millions. Finally, she induces her rich uncle and cousin to join her in a pretence of sudden ruin, and, in the second act, the family is revealed leading a Bohemian existence in a third-floor lodging-house. Thither comes the faithful artist to prove his disinterested love in a hundred different ways, and to win her hand according to program. The play might end with their betrothal, but, to secure a third act, a forged despatch is introduced which induces Florence to believe that her lover is an intriguing fortune-hunter like the rest. Then follows a striking and unexpected scene, in which she upbraids him with passionate scorn, and he defends himself with hot indignation. Before long she implores pardon for her unfounded suspicions, but it is then his turn to refuse reconciliation with a woman who has held his honor so lightly. The dilemma is solved in the end by a rather forced expedient, and everything ends happily.

The whole piece is very slight and is of very little value except as a bit of dexterous fun-making. The Americans are a mere effort of Gallic imagination, but they are undoubtedly amusing. Of course the piece is well written and cleverly made. In the first act the social toadies are hit off very neatly and smartly, and the whole picnic scene in the garret is admirably done, full of life and fresh humor. The first half of the third act is also good, and gives an excellent, if long delayed, opportunity to Miss Georgie Cayvan, but much of the latter half is superfluous. As for the general representation, that is admirable, the best work being done by Miss Cayvan, whose burst of angry scorn is capital; Mr. Kelcey, Mr. LeMoyne, whose humor is always rich and infectious, Mr. Ratcliffe and Miss Effie Shannon. The audience was very well pleased, apparently, and Mr. Frohman will not lose by his enterprise, but he has not got a masterpiece.

Dr. Holmes and the World's Fair

[The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*]

DEPARTING from the precedent established when the preliminary arrangement for the recent dedicatory ceremonies were made, it has been decided to pass by the younger aspirants for the laurel-wreath and request the veteran Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to furnish an appropriate ode for the May Day celebration of the opening of the exposition. It seems to be the universal opinion of the Directors and of the Commissioners that the last member of America's first school of great writers should be paid this compliment.

After Miss Harriet Monroe had been commissioned to prepare the dedicatory ode, and until the young lady had herself disarmed criticism, many hard things were said of the committee's action. In this case it will be impossible for the most exacting to find fault with the choice. This has been the idea of those who have made the decision. No direct promise has been received from Dr. Holmes; still, it is understood that if the request is made he will consent to serve the exposition. It is also said that he will make the ode his final masterpiece.

Secretary E. C. Culp of the Ceremonies Committee has received about sixty odes dedicated to the exposition. Several of these are of decided merit, and a few are from writers of considerable renown. These odes will be retained until after the next meeting of the joint Committee on Ceremonies, which is to be held December 13, when they will be returned. Accompanying each will be a polite note setting forth the fact that a 'poet-laureate' has been secured. Col. Culp is expected to bring the matter formally before the committee, and will do so by recommending that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes be requested to prepare the ode.

Richard Halkett Lord

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Richard Halkett Lord died at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, London, on the 19th of last November, and was buried at Highgate Cemetery on the 24th of the same month.

I was on terms of intimate friendship with him for more than fifteen years, and therefore feel entitled to speak of him now. He was a man of brilliant abilities; in London, years ago, he was on the staff of *Punch*, and of some of the daily papers, and had the name of being the wittiest man in town—a reputation which means something in London. He was a member of the famous Savage Club in its palmy days, when you could hear more good things in an hour than anywhere else in a year; and 'Dick Lord' was always in the front of the skirmish. His tongue was sometimes a little too keen for the comfort of those against whom it chanced to turn; and it doubtless made him enemies; but it was love of jest, and not ill-will, that winged his epigrams; he hit every one impartially, and no one had an honest right to complain.

But Halkett Lord was much more and much better than a club wit. He was surpassed by no one in his knowledge of classic English literature; and his critical taste was infallible, both in literature and in art. His collections of books—he made several during his life—were unique; no one but he had the knowledge necessary to make them. He loved bindings as well as books, and possessed some of the most exquisite examples of the Masters' styles. As all book-lovers know, he edited for several years *The Bookmart*, which was known not only in this country but all over the English-speaking world as the leading periodical of its class. This was due wholly to his own taste and judgment; no one could have taken his place in that editorial chair.

His experience of the world was in every sense wide. He had travelled from end to end of it. In New Zealand, in his early manhood, he founded and successfully conducted a colonial newspaper; and those who have attempted such things know what

sort of stuff a man must have in him for that. He took part in the Maori war, and received a special medal from the Queen for gallantry in the field. He lived in Australia, and knew the right people in Melbourne and Sidney. His adventures in wild lands were countless; he was once wrecked on a coral atoll in the Pacific, under very romantic circumstances. He twice visited this country, landing the first time at San Francisco, the second at New York. This second visit was prolonged over eight years, half of which, I am happy in remembering, were spent beneath my roof.

Many of the circumstances of his life were profoundly sad, owing to causes for which he was not responsible, and which are too private to be related here. In his brighter moods he was one of the most fascinating men I have known; and beneath the polished and satirical surface of the man of the world was a heart as tender as a woman's, as affectionate as a child's. What an irrepressible shout of delight was his laugh; with what contagious enjoyment, what mimicry, what huge vitality, he would tell a story! And again, into what depths of gloom he would sometimes sink, when the dark hour was upon him! He was a man to be admired, loved and pitied.

In person he was striking and manly; six feet in height, broad-shouldered, strong, with black hair and beard, large gray eyes and a countenance handsome, masculine and intellectual. He spoke in quick, nervous sentences, but with beautiful modulation and accuracy. He had not many close friends; but those who knew him best will feel his loss the most.

SAG HARBOR, N. Y., Dec. 5th, 1892. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Tennysoniana

TENNYSON'S EARLY AND LATE LYRICS

O'ER mountain heights of fame I hear afar
His morning songs of sunshine and of tears,
Whose muse at evening was a lyric star
Above the sky-line of his fourscore years.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

'It strikes me,' writes 'C. A. R.' of Augusta, Georgia, 'that your quoting M. Zola (in *The Critic* of Nov. 19) as saying "he had never read a line of Tennyson, as he could not read English," seems to be very curious if not doubtful. Has not Tennyson been translated into French as well as M. Zola into the English language? Is it necessary to acquire a knowledge of all languages in order to be familiar with foreign authors?'

There have been half a dozen or more translations of Tennyson into French; the one which is probably most accessible being a translation of four of the 'Idylls of the King,' by Michel, published by Hachette & Cie. in 1869. All of these translations are mentioned in the bibliography included in the last edition of Dr. van Dyke's 'Poetry of Tennyson.'

Godfrey Locker-Lampson, the eldest son of the author of 'London Lyrics,' and now a seventeen-year-old pupil at Eton, was the godson and much beloved protégé of Tennyson, whose son, Lionel, married the youth's sister. He has written these lines on his dead friend:—

The sorrowing nations weep and mourn for thee,
And voices of the dead cry from their graves,
And send sad echoes sighing thro' the sea
Of dark eternity; and shadowy waves
Roll on the ocean of men's minds
And rise and break and utter thoughts in verse
Born of thy mighty soul; and moaning winds
Cry past the laurels on thy doleful hearse.
Thus is thy fame to live, when battles rage,
And all the earth is overthrown in night;
Thus shall thy monument from age to age
Stand for a witness of thy country's might.
And still the mournful measures come and sigh.
So, rest thy bones, where the still hours have lain
Through centuries, thy verse shall never die.
So sleep to rise, and wake, to sing again.

'Tennyson was not, and to this hour is not, a poet of the English common people,' says Mr. Stead, in his 'Character Study' of the late Laureate in *The Review of Reviews*. 'He may be a popular poet in America. He is not a popular poet in Great Britain. Popular, that is, in the sense of being read and loved by the common people. And this, in great measure, for a very simple cause: for the nation, as John Bright aptly said, lives in the cottage, and Tennyson is too dear for the cottager. A German journalist, commenting on the death of the Laureate, ventured the somewhat cynical remark that he was the first poet who had a genius for finance. Tennyson as a financier is a somewhat incongruous conception, but what the German meant was that Tennyson was almost the only bard who found a gold-mine in Parnassus. It is much to be regretted that when Tennyson condescended to become a peer he did not gild his coronet by ordering the publication of a shilling edition of his poems. No such edition has yet been issued.'

Mr. Stead forgets that Lord Tennyson was a husband and a father, as well as a poet, and that it will not be very many years before the copyright law of England will enable anyone who wishes to do so to print the Laureate's poems in six-penny or half-penny editions, without paying a farthing to his heirs. The husband and father doubtless thought it his first duty to provide for the wants of his family, even though the poet might have enjoyed the consciousness that his works were read by the poorest cottager.

William Watson and the Laureateship

[*The New York Tribune*]

It was announced in the *Tribune* yesterday that William Watson, the English poet, whose name has been mentioned in connection with the Laureateship, had accepted a bounty of 200*l.* from the Government in recognition of his obituary poem on Lord Tennyson. This was taken by some of his friends to mean that he had resigned his claim to other reward. Mr. Watson has a brother, James Watson, in business in New York. He spoke freely about the affair to a *Tribune* reporter who called at his office, No. 52 Broadway, yesterday.

'I first learned of the affair through the columns of the *Tribune*,' he said, 'and I thought at first that the 200*l.* had been offered to my brother as a sop to buy off his claims to the Laureateship. I immediately cabled to him, "Hope you decline being bought off." I have just received his answer. It is: "Have accepted Mr. Gladstone's offer, which does not preclude further action, but was dictated by entirely generous and public-spirited motives." That means, as I think, that Mr. Gladstone has merely decided to show my brother some marks of appreciation for his poem, pending the appointment of a Laureate, and helps rather than injures his chance for the appointment. William Watson, my brother, is thirty-seven years old. He was educated in private schools in his native country, England, and has for many years devoted himself to the study of literature, especially poetry. His first volume of poems, "The Prince's Quest," was printed about seventeen years ago. In 1884 he published a volume of epigrams. In 1885 he wrote for *The National Review* a series of sonnets entitled "Ver Tenebrosum," arraigning the Government for its attack on Egypt and the bombardment of Alexandria. The work was highly commended by the critics. In 1889 he published his best poem, "Wordsworth's Grave."' He is the youngest of those whose names have been mentioned in connection with the Laureateship.'

[H. F., in *The New York Times*]

The determined attempt of the young men on the reinvigorated *Daily Chronicle* to boom William Watson into the Laureateship may have come nearer to success than is generally imagined. It is known that on the strength of it Gladstone bought and read all of Watson's verses. When, however, the appointment hung fire, the *Chronicle* set up a new plea that if Watson did not get the wreath he ought at least to have a salary, so as to be free to cultivate the muse instead of drudging on newspapers. This provoked the ribald to scoffing, but seems based on a nice guess at Gladstone's attitude, because he now announces the salary idea impracticable, but makes Watson a gift of £1000 from the Royal Bounty Fund. The method of appeal and conditions of grant are both novelties and are felt to open interesting and new fields to modern bards.

The Fine Arts

Retrospective Exhibition of the Society of American Artists

THE NEW BUILDING of the American Fine Arts Society—an association made up of the Society of American Artists, the Architectural League of New York and the Art Students' League—was opened on Monday with a retrospective exhibition of works by members of the first-named of these three bodies, and an exhibition of etchings and other prints belonging to Mr. George W. Vanderbilt. The building has an ornate Renaissance front of white marble on West 57th Street, and runs through the block to West 58th Street. The front building contains the offices of the association on the ground floor, and the rooms of the Architectural League and the schools of the Art Students' League on the floors above. Behind this come three small galleries, containing at present a selection from Mr. Vanderbilt's magnificent collection of Rembrandts, Durers and mezzotints and other engravings after Reynolds. The paintings and statuary, which make the greater

part of the exhibition, fill two larger galleries, the principal one of which is in all respects the finest gallery in the city. The lighting, at least by day, is perfect, and every part of the wall surface gets its full share. The Society of American Artists was organized in 1877, and the present show contains, presumably, the best works of its members since that date. As the Society has always included a large proportion of the most progressive of our younger artists, this seems an excellent occasion to take stock, so to speak, of their achievements, to note what gains have been made in the past fifteen years, and what present tendencies are like.

The gain, as we have all along believed, is mostly in the matter of technique. And, even in that regard, some of the earliest works shown are among the best. Mr. Wm. M. Chase's lady in black, 'Ready for the Ride,' and his portrait of Mr. Frank Duveneck have not been surpassed in their way, either by himself or by any other member of the Society. Mr. Will H. Low shows no work comparable, as painting, with his 'Reverie,' one of the first pictures that he exhibited. But a large number of young painters who have come into notice since the establishment of the Society, and mainly through its exhibitions, have acquired a sound and, in many cases, a brilliant technique. The power to put upon canvas a striking resemblance of any object has become almost common. We need be at no loss for such pleasure as is to be derived from work cleverly and correctly done. But to paint well is one thing, to make a good picture another. How many works in the exhibition hold the attention like the two that we have mentioned of Mr. Chase's? In this respect we do not seem to have made much progress. We have many painters, but few artists.

To begin with the still-life, the most satisfactory example is the late D M. Bunker's 'A Neglected Corner,' in which the principal ingredients are an old, rusty stove and a china teapot. Good flower pieces are more numerous; there are 'Petunias' and 'Hollyhocks' by lady artists, who have somehow managed to put a soul in them. In landscape the little group of impressionists carry off most of the honors. It is well for a painter to be enthusiastic, no matter about what. The novelty of depending upon values wholly, of getting out of them all that they can give, has proved a real source of inspiration to some half-dozen men whose works are among the best in the galleries. It is true that most of these were artists in the full sense of the word before they joined the impressionists' movement. Mr. Twachtman's large 'Decorative Landscape'—not as well hung as it should be—is here to show what he was in the habit of doing. And there are portraits by Mr. Weir which are superior to his 'Young Man with a Gun.' In Mr. Weir's case, in fact, we have been dubious as to whether he had not lost something by abandoning his old methods; but his 'Early Moonrise in Summer' reconciles us to the change. It is the edge of a clearing with an abatis of felled saplings in the foreground. All that there is in it can be seen at a glance, it is true, as is the case with most impressionist pictures; but in that glance we gain a sensation of fresh coolness and forest mystery, a notion of what 'the wilderness' means, which fills us for the moment, to the exclusion of all other thoughts or sensations. Then, there is Mr. Theodore Robinson, who used to paint pretty girls in rather a weakly sentimental way. His girls are prettier than ever, and they seem to enjoy the air and sunshine with which he now surrounds them. His 'Winter Landscape,' seen over the snow-clad roofs of a little town, sticks in the memory. Decidedly, Mr. Robinson has gained by his conversion to the new 'ism. Mr. Homer D. Martin's 'Old Manor' in its dreary woods, by its dismal pool, is like a fanfare of Weber or a stanza of Poe. Mr. Cox's 'Flying Shadows' on hill and dale; Mr. Childe Hassam's 'Snowstorm in Union Square'; Mr. La Farge's 'Fog Blowing in from Sea,' and his 'New England Landscape'—a pre-Raphaelitish study of the tract known as the Paradise at Newport, with most innocent-looking sheep and lambs dotting its green expanse; and Mr. Eakins's 'Mending the Net' are very diverse in method and in aim, but each is a little world in itself, in which one can live and breathe and walk about, oblivious of any other.

The world to which we are introduced in Mr. Cox's 'Eclogue,' Mr. H. O. Walker's 'Pandora' and his nude 'Boy on Donkey,' the late Wm. M. Hunt's 'Boy and Butterfly' and Mr. La Farge's 'Venus Anadyomene' has not passed its golden age. Mr. Whistler has known how to bring back that blessed period to the foggy and smoky banks of the Thames. His ladies in Japanese dress disporting themselves on a blue balcony above the muddy river are, so far as paint can make them, fit company for gods and goddesses. The claims of the ideal are also recognized, more or less happily, in Mr. Blashfield's huge 'Christmas Bells,' Mr. Church's 'Sybil,' Mr. Dewing's 'Prelude,' Mr. Weir's misty and mystical 'Open Book.'

There are good statues, and busts, and reliefs—there are Mr. French's 'Angel of Death and the Sculptor,' Mr. Warner's portrait bust of J. Alden Weir, Mr. Hartley's busts of the actors Morris, Drew and Gilbert, Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens's bust of the late Gen. Sherman, and Mr. Macmonnies' 'Diana'; but there is nothing more living, unhackneyed and inspiring in the exhibition than Mr. Louis St. Gaudens's piping 'Faun.' We can fancy him bursting from Mr. Weir's coppice, or dancing with those paradisiacal lambkins in Mr. La Farge's picture, or plucking Mrs. Dillon's flowers, or riding behind his less animated brother on Mr. Warner's donkey, or coming with a fresh breeze from the west to wake up the languid Japanese beauties on Mr. Whistler's balcony. Such a piece of work, worthy of the best days of sculpture in any land, should not be left at the mercy of accident in such a fragile material as plaster.

Art Notes

THE Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts will soon show a collection of paintings of a school of which few specimens have been allowed to reach this country. It will comprise all of the pre-Raphaelite paintings that are known to be in America, together with a unique exhibit of the drawings and paintings of William Blake. Mr Samuel Bancroft, Jr., of Wilmington, Del., lends one of the Briar-Rose group by Burne-Jones; Rossetti's 'Found,' 'Lady Lilith' and 'Mary Magdalen'; the Willowwood portrait of Mrs. Morris, and several others, with many photographs of originals. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard sends six Burne-Joneses, Mr. Charles Hutchinson of Chicago sends a noble Rossetti, and Mr. H. H. Gilchrist a large collection of Blakes.

—Madame Millet, wife of the painter of 'The Angelus,' had a paralytic stroke a few weeks ago, and now lies at Barbizon in a helpless and pitiable condition. All desire to live has ceased and her life is ebbing away because the will to live is absent. Not long ago her youngest daughter, Marianne Millet, fell ill and died, and the widow has never recovered from the shock. Mlle. Millet is buried by her father's side at Chailly.

—The November *Portfolio* has an etching by Ernest Stamp, after a picture by W. F. Yeames, R.A., 'The Law's Delay.' In a narrow passage of one of the Inns of Court a barrister is talking to his client, a young widow apparently, who, judging by the expression of the faces, is fated to grow old before her case is decided. This frontispiece is very appropriately followed by an article on the 'Inns of Chancery,' illustrated by Mr. Railton. 'The Baptism of Christ,' Lucas Van Leyden's engraving, reproduced by Amand Durand, and a photogravure of a 'Study of a Lion' by Sir Edwin Landseer, are full-page plates. There is an illustrated article on 'George Cruikshank's Drawings,' and one on Quevedo's 'Pablo of Segovia,' with illustrations by Daniel Vierge.

—Macmillan & Co. publish this week Mr. Hamerton's sumptuous and elaborately illustrated volume, 'Man in Art,' and Mr. Harry Quilter's 'Preferences in Art, Life and Literature,' including an important history of pre-Raphaelitism and 'An Essay upon Contemporary English Painting.'

Current Criticism

GEORGE MEREDITH AND THE ENGLISH AUTHORS.—The election of Mr. George Meredith as President of the Society of Authors in succession to Tennyson indicates, strikingly enough, the decadence of English letters. Tennyson was the first writer of English of his time. George Meredith is almost the worst. It need not be supposed that this election was determined wholly by literary considerations, or that it is the verdict of the great body of English authors. It is only the verdict of the Council of a Society which includes 900 of them. The Council is a body chosen for the purpose of conducting the business of the Society, not for passing in review or in judgment the claims of authors to precedence in authorship. Among those present was no author of the first rank; hardly one of the second. The nomination of Mr. Meredith was moved by the Rev. C. H. Middletonwake and seconded by Mr. Edward Clodd. They are, I presume, very respectable persons and good fathers of families. To name them as, in any sense, or in any degree, representative of English literature would be absurd. If there be any known names among those present, they are Mr. Barrie, Mr. Besant, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Sully, and the chairman, Sir Frederick Pollock. They would, I imagine, be the first to disclaim all pretentions to speak in the name of the great body of living English writers, or to allege that they chose Mr. Meredith because they meant to present him to the public as a literary chief. But, then, why elect him to the chair in which Tennyson had sat? There, is no doubt, a group, if not a school, of Meredithites. There are a large number of persons who regard him, justly enough, as a novelist of extraordinary powers. He has certain gifts of a high order, which are not common. But he has carried affectation and obscurity to a point reached by no other writer of this century. His style is an abomination,

and his great powers only make it the more deplorable and the more dangerous. His readers are under the spell of a mind out of the common run. They are attracted, sometimes fascinated, by the imaginative force and originality which his grotesqueness of expression cannot entirely obscure. Those who care for simplicity, for truth of form, for art, for English, are repelled, and it is no matter for rejoicing that a body like the Society of Authors should give a factitious importance to an author who, after all, is more remarkable for the violence he has done to literature than for any supreme excellence of any kind whatsoever.—'G. W. S.,' *in the Tribune.*

Notes

THE Christian Literature Co. announce ten volumes, of which one will be devoted to each of the seven chief religious bodies in America and two to the smaller denominations collectively, while one will contain a compendious history of American Christianity as a whole. The series is in charge of a committee appointed by the American Church History Society, and consisting of Dr. Schaff, Bishop Potter, Dr. George P. Fisher, Bishop Hurst, Dr. E. J. Wolf, Mr. Henry C. Vedder, and the Rev. Samuel M. Jackson. The books will be written by the most competent hands, and published quarterly.

—Little, Brown & Co. are about to issue by subscription a new edition of the romances of Dumas, 'the stories faithfully translated into English, complete and unabridged, and scrupuously following the author's own text.' There are to be near 250 full-page plates, including etchings, photogravures and engraved portraits. The edition will be limited to 1000 numbered sets.

—Macmillan & Co. have issued an attractive catalogue of such of their books as they deem especially suitable for holiday gifts.

—A more attractive number of *The Book Buyer* than its Christmas issue we have not seen. The frontispiece is a beautifully reproduced plate from the 'Old Italian Masters,' engraved by Cole.

—Miss Harriet Monroe's honorarium for her World's Fair dedicatory Ode was $1000—the same sum that the English Government has just awarded to Mr. William Watson, the youngest aspirant for the Laureateship.

—At the Columbian Bazar, held at the residence of Mrs. Potter Palmer, 100 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, this week, for the benefit of the Children's Home at the World's Fair, an album containing autographs written for the occasion by President Harrison, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and eminent authors, artists, musicians, etc., of Europe and America, was exhibited, with the intention of selling it at auction on the closing night (Friday). Fac-similes of the book were offered for sale at $5 each. The Chicago *Tribune* reproduced some of the autographs last Sunday—the President's, Mr. Kipling's, Mr. Page's, and this quatrain by Mr. Bunner, who 'wrote up' the Exhibition grounds and buildings in *Scribner's* under the title, 'The White City,' and who terms his verses 'A Modest Request':—

> The 'White City' that lies by the great inland sea
> I am proud to aver was so christened by me:
> And if the Chicago folks take to the name,
> I want one small niche in their temple of Fame.

—Among the many contributors to 'Liber Scriptorum,' the forthcoming 'first book of the Authors' Club,' are Messrs. Stedman, Warner and Stockton, Gilder, Roosevelt and Noah Brooks, Mabie, Lathrop and Conway, President Gilman, Col. John Hay, Andrew Carnegie and Dr. Eggleston, Prof. Hardy, Prof. Boyesen, Mark Twain and Bill Nye.

—The Chicago *Dial* has improved noticeably since it passed under the exclusive control of Mr. F. F. Browne.

—Under the title 'Echoes of Old County Life,' the Macmillans will publish shortly an illustrated volume of recollections of the sport, society, politics and farming of the 'good old times' in a typical English county. The author, J. K. Fowler, gives personal reminiscences and anecdotes of many well-known men, among whom are Lord Beaconsfield, the Count d'Orsay, the Rothschilds, Bishop Wilberforce and others. Messrs. Macmillan have added the names of Adam & Charles Black to the list of the English firms for whom they act as exclusive agents in this country.

—Dr. W. C. Winslow has reprinted in pamphlet form his interesting sketch of Miss Edwards, 'The Queen of Egyptology,' originally published in the November *Antiquarian Magazine.*

—A librarian writes to us that in selecting the books to compose the model library which is being prepared for exhibition at the World's Fair (see 'Library Notes' in *The Critic* of Nov. 26), Mr. J. N. Larned, Librarian of the Buffalo Library, has acted as chairman of a Committee of Selection, the other members of which are Mr. F. M. Crunden of St. Louis, Miss Ellen M. Coe of New York, Mr. W. A. Bardwell of Brooklyn, Mr. W. H. Brett of Cleveland and Miss C. M. Hewins of Hartford. 'The final selection has been made by this committee, assisted by suggestions and criticisms from a large number of librarians and specialists in the scientific departments.'

—Dr. Philip Schaff celebrated last Saturday the fiftieth anniversary of the delivery of his first lecture at the University of Berlin, and the occasion was pleasantly marked by the conferring upon him of the degree of D.D. by the University of the City of New York. Although he had been made a Doctor of Divinity by the University of Berlin, and St. Andrew's, Scotland, he had never before received the title from an American institution of learning. His friends regret that an assurance of better health could not be conferred upon the learned Doctor as easily as an honorary degree.

—It is understood that the management of *The Pall Mall Gazette* will hereafter be in the hands of Mr. H. J. C. Cust, a Conservative M.P.

—Among recent importations on the Scribner list is the Greek text of Anacreon, with Stanley's translation, an appendix containing metrical renderings by various hands, and illustrations by Weguelin, the volume being edited by Mr. A. H. Bullen; also, 'Frederic Chopin: A Biography,' by Charles Willeby.

—For the forthcoming biography of Lord Aberdeen by his son, Sir Arthur Gordon, Queen Victoria has allowed the author to make use of the vast amount of confidential correspondence respecting the secret history of Lord Aberdeen's administration, preserved in her private library at Buckingham Palace. The proof-sheets of the book have been read and annotated by the Queen and Mr. Gladstone. Lucky author, who can press such eminent proof-readers into his service!

—The Grolier Club's edition of Mr. Moncure D. Conway's 'Barons of the Potomac and the Rappahanock' will be brought out about Jan. 1st. The book describes colonial life and society in Virginia in the middle of the last century. It will contain a number of interesting portraits.

—'In your issue of Nov. 12,' writes the Rev. Arthur Howard Noll, of New Orleans, 'is a note to the effect that "The first edition of Longfellow's 'Hyperion' is quoted in London at somewhat over $50, and the first edition of his 'Kavanagh' at nearly as much." * * * A metropolitan dealer in rare books writes me that the "blessed squib," as he calls it, has caused him to write several notes of denial—that the "Hyperion" is worth $12 50, and that he has just sold a copy of the "Kavanagh" for $1.25.' We confess to having copied the 'blessed squib' from a leading metropolitan daily.

—The Boston *Advertiser* prints this sketch of Mr. Eugene Field, the Chicago poet and humorist:—

> Mr. Field looks somewhere between twenty-five and fifty-eight years old. His face is smooth, and so is much of the rest of his cranium. He looks the New Englander of the Hosea Biglow type, and the only thing that surprises one when he owns up to having been born in Massachusetts is that it was not New Hampshire. His frame is tall and osseous and his hands, complexion and furrowed facial surfaces would do no discredit to the worst specimen of the genus horny-handed labor. The shining roof to his brain cavity is only smooth when his conversation is in a state of comparative repose. When he speaks, the moment he begins to grow interested in his subject is marked by the corrugation of his forehead into a horizontal frown, in deep and many furrows that extend from one temple to the other and show where the underscores should come in in the emphasizing, italicizing and capitalizing of his enthusiastic conversation.

—Harper & Bros. have just published Mary E. Wilkins's new novel, 'Jane Field,' illustrated by W. T. Smedley; a collection of short stories, 'Christmas Every Day,' by William Dean Howells, handsomely illustrated; and 'The Midnight Warning, and Other Stories,' by R. K. Munkittrick, with illustrations by F. Ver Beck. The three books last named are for young readers.

—Mr. Lang's edition of Sir Walter Scott, published by J. C. Nimmo, appears to be a great success, every copy of the large-paper edition having been promptly disposed of. There are forty-eight volumes, and the price is $150.

—The following cablegram was printed in the New York papers last week:—

> LONDON, Dec. 1.—Considerable of a sensation has been created in the literary world by the discovery at Edinburgh of a system of wholesale forgeries of autograph literary and historic documents. The discovery was due to the publication of an alleged manuscript poem by Burns. This poem was found to be a reprint from a fugitive magazine of poetry that appeared when Burns was only seven years old. A number of antiquarian booksellers of the highest repute have unconsciously circulated

the forgeries, which include a parchment copy of 'The Solemn League and Covenant,' which, if genuine, would be of untold value; letters purporting to have been written by Burns, Scott, Thackeray, Burke, Cromwell, Carlyle, and Mary Queen of Scots. There is reason to suspect that the collection of manuscripts of Burns's poems presented in 1890 to the city of Edinburgh by Mr. Kennedy, the New York banker, are not genuine.

The Free Parliament

[*All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question, for convenience of reference.*]

ANSWERS

1680.—A key to the characters in Mallock's 'New Republic' is given in W. M. Griswold's 'British Novels.'

1682.—See Tennyson's 'Talking Oak,' stanza xvi.:—

And I have shadowed many a group
Of beauties, that were born
In teacup times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn.

PLAINFIELD, N. J. E. E. K.

1685.—'A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns' was written by H. Ainslie. A new edition has just appeared in London.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK. T. R. P.

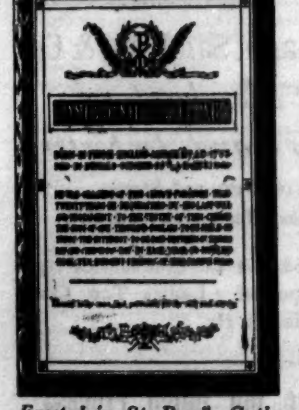
1685.—There was an article by 'H. H.' (Mrs. Jackson) entitled 'A Burns Pilgrimage,' in *The Century* for September, 1883.

HAMPDEN SIDNEY, VA. J. B. H.

Publications Received

[*Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.*]

Adams, H. B., and Wood, H. Columbus and His Discovery of America. 50c. Balt.: The Johns Hopkins Press.
Adams, C. J. Where is My Dog? $1. Fowler & Wells Co.
American Annual of Photography and Photographic Times Almanac for 1893. $1. Scovill & Adams Co.
Austin, A. Fortunatus the Pessimist. $1.75. Macmillan & Co.
Black, W. Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart and Other Tales. Harper & Bros.
Bass, M. F. Nature Stories for Young Readers. 50c. D. C. Heath & Co.
Barrie, J. M. The Little Minister. 2 vols. $6. Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Banga, J. K. In Camp with a Tin Soldier. $1.25. DeWitt Pub. House.
Brémont, A. De. The World of Music. 3 vols. $3.75. Brentano's.
Bigelow, M. F. A Fellowship of Hearts. $1. Hunt & Eaton.
Burt, B. C. A History of Modern Philosophy. 2 vols. $4. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Casenov, H. M. The Humor of Germany. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Croker, B. M. A Family Likeness. $1. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Copleston, R. S. Buddhism Primitive and Present in Magadha and Ceylon. $5. Longmans, Green & Co
Corbin, C. F. A Woman's Philosophy of Love. $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Church, A. J. The Story of the Iliad. 50c. Macmillan & Co.
Dodd, A. B. In and Out of Three Normandy Inns. $3. Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Duchess, The. A Conquering Heroine. 25c. Tait, Sons & Co.
Eoob, H. G. The Well-Dressed Woman. $1. Fowler & Wells Co.
Fowler, J. K. Echoes of Old County Life. $2.50. Macmillan & Co.
Grossmith, G. and W. The Diary of a Nobody. $1.25. Tait, Sons & Co.
Harris, J. C. Uncle Remus and His Friends. $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hatch, M. R. P. The Missing Man. 50c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Heine, H. Lyrics and Ballads of. Tr. by F. Hellman. $1.50 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
House, E. H. The Midnight Warning and Other Stories. Harper & Bros.
Hume, F. The Fever of Life. $1. Tait, Sons & Co.
Hume, F. The Black Carnation. National Book Co.
Johnson, J. C. Cantata: The Wonderful Christmas Tree. 40c. O. Ditson Co.
Keller, G. Dietegen. 40c. Boston: Ginn & Co.
King, C. A Soldier's Secret, and An Army Portia. $1. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
King, C. F. The Land We Live In. Part II. 50c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Latimer, E. W. France in the Nineteenth Century, 1830–1890. $2.50. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Lady Augusta Stanley: Reminiscences. 25c. E. & J. B. Young & Co
Lanciani, R. Pagan and Christian Rome. $6. Houghton, Mifflin & Co
Lee, E. The Humor of France. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Lee, F. W. Two Men and a Girl. St. Paul: Price-McGill Co.
Marsh, M. M. Vic. $1. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.
McLellan, C. M. S. The Sale of a Soul. 50c. Town Topics Pub. Co.
Men's Thoughts for Men. Arranged by R. Porter. 50c. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Milton, J. Paradise Lost. $1. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Munkittrick, R. K. The Moon Prince and Other Nabobs. Harper & Bros.
Palgrave, F. T. Amenophis and Other Poems. $1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Paton, L. A. The Personal Character of Dante. 50c. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Régamey, F. Japan in Art and Industry. Tr. by M. F. Sheldon and E. L. $1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Roads, C. Christ Enthroned in the Industrial World. $1. Hunt & Eaton.
Royal Collection of Ballads. 50c. O. Ditson Co.
Royal Collection of Piano Music. 50c. O. Ditson Co.
Rhymes of Ironquill of Kansas. $1. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Sprague, F. M. Socialism from Genesis to Revelation. $1.75. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Smith, W. B. On Wheels and How I Came There. $1. Hunt & Eaton.
Southworth, E. D. E. N. Em. 50c. Robt. Bonner's Sons.
Slosson, A. T. Aunt Liefy. 60c. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Tait, J. S. My Friend Pasquale and Other Stories. $1. Tait, Sons & Co.
Underwood, F. H. Quabbin. $1.75. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Werner, A. The Humor of Italy. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Wilkins, M. E. Jane Field. Harper & Bros.
Willard, E. S. Kis-Da-Shon's Wife. $1.50. F. H. Revell Co.
Zahm, J. A. Sound and Music. $3.50. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Zangwill, I. The Old Maids' Club. $1.25. Tait, Sons & Co.



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